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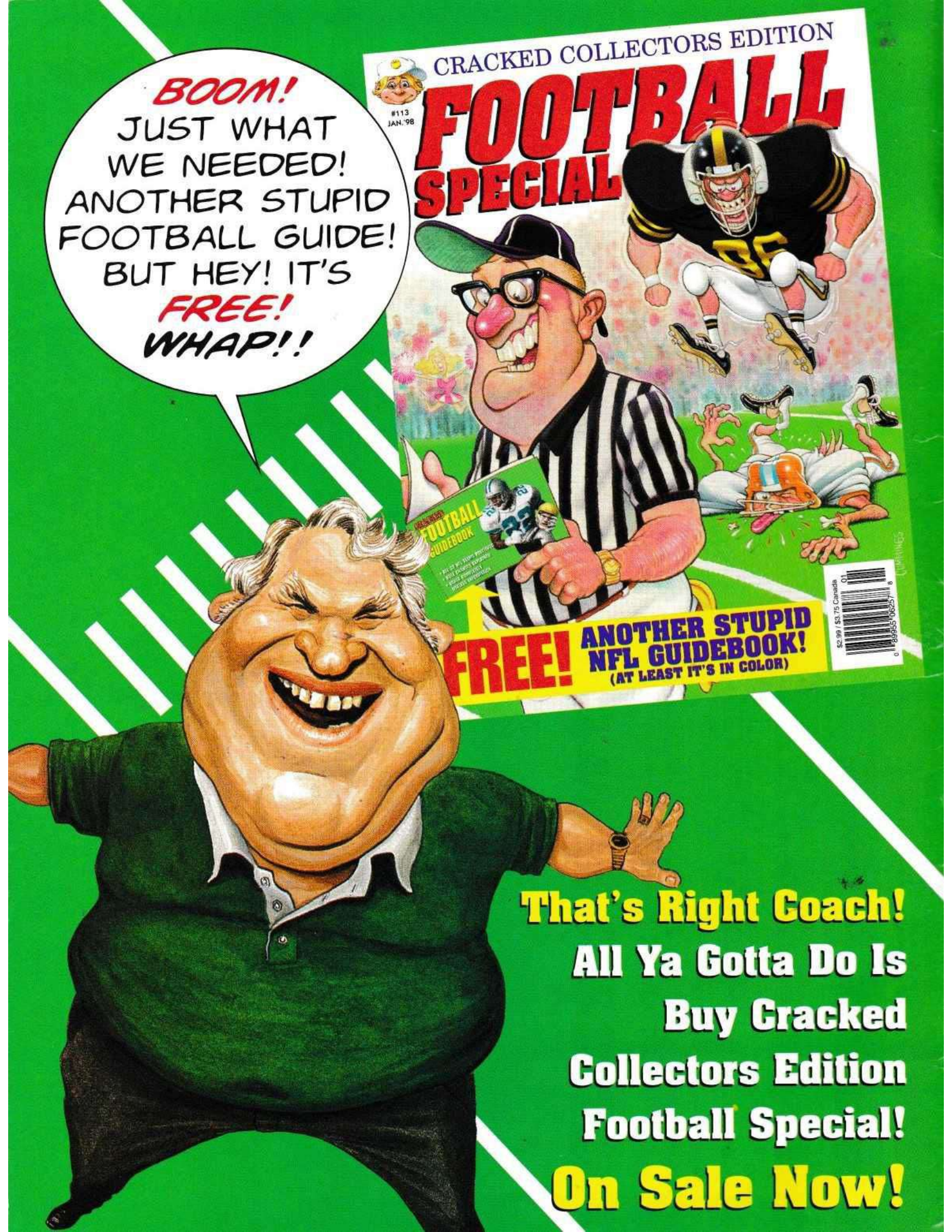
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3 East 54th St., New York, N.Y. 10022 #322/DEC. '97 Sylvester P. Smythe

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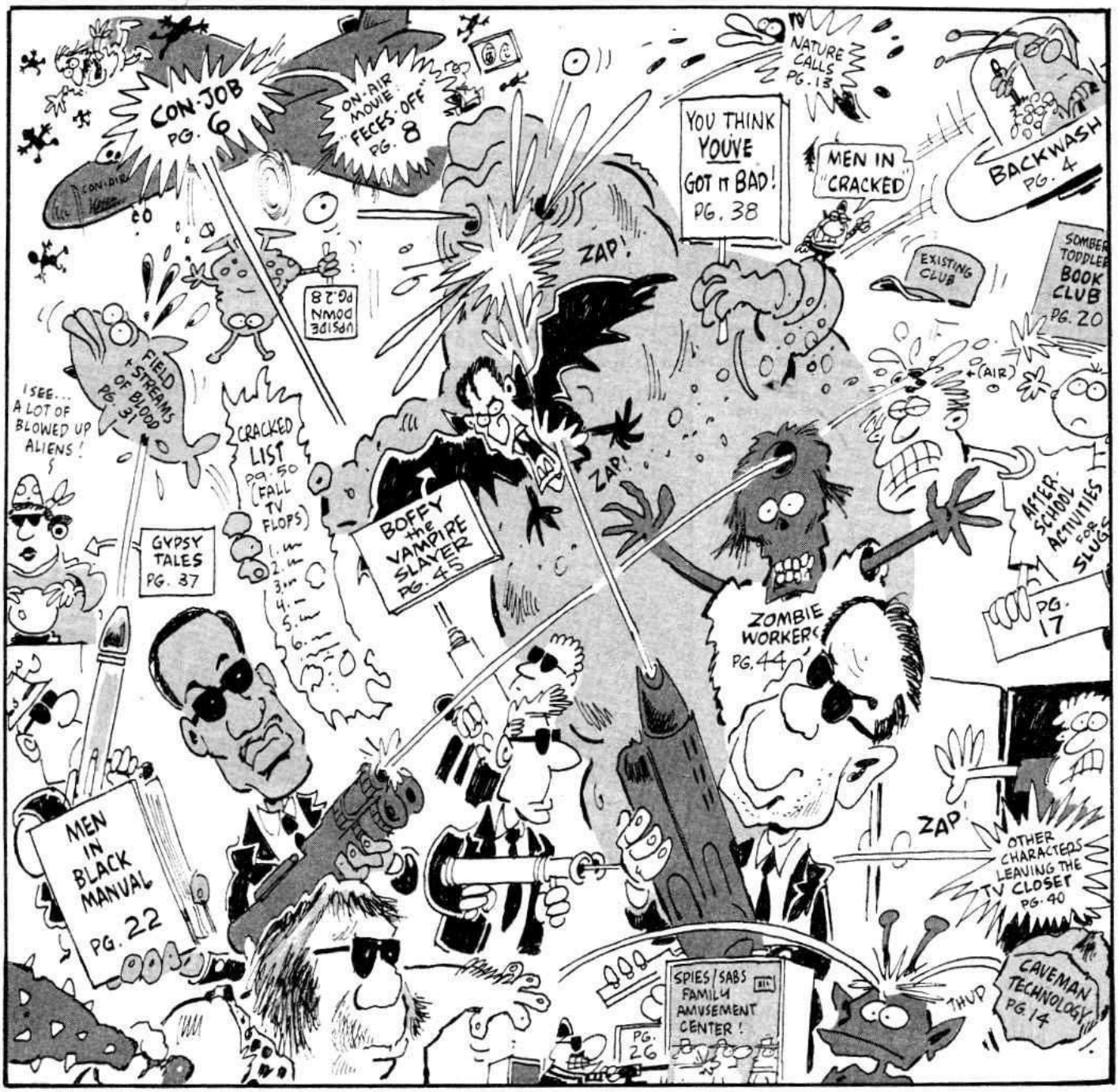

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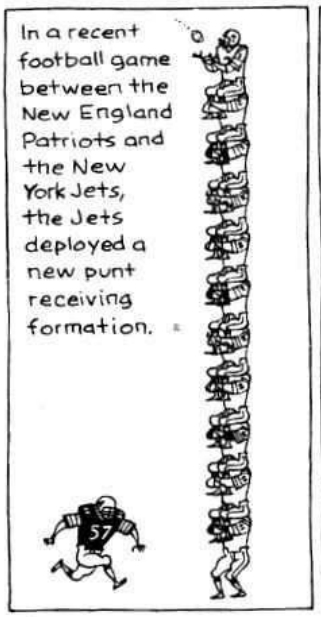
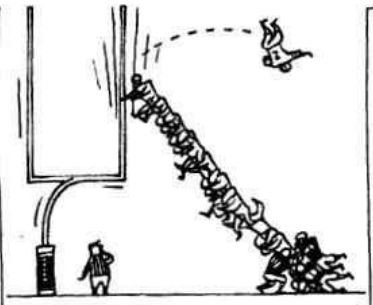
BACK

SO, WHAT'S THE CALL?





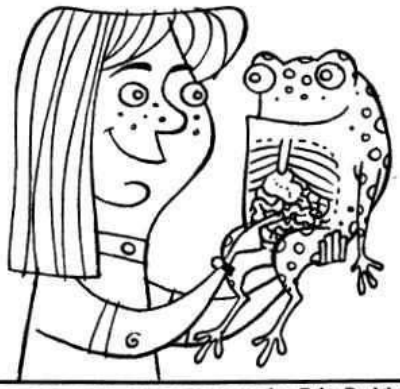
The bottom player was tackled and the receiver went flying into the endzone, where he hit his head against the goal post, sending him rebounding back out onto the field only to be tackled. The Jets claim they've scored, but New England disagrees.
SO, WHAT'S THE CALL? Have the Jets scored or not?

The Jets have not scored. The third player from the bottom was penalized for neglecting to tuck his shirt into his pants in accordance with rule A)1654(f) – G)7859(m) of the Football Proper Attire handbook. The Jets are penalized forty yards from where the punt was received and subsequently lost the game because of it, causing Jets coach Bill Parcells to kill the offending player.

Is this you? Squeamish when it comes to dissecting frogs? Fret no more! Introducing...

TRANSLUCENT FROGS

That's right! We bred a frog with a window pane in order to develop a breed of completely see-through frogs. With new Translucent Frogs, there's no more mess or tears.



NURSERY RHYMES FOR NAUGHTY CHILDREN

There once was an old woman
who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children,
she didn't know what to do!
So she killed them
and chopped them,
and stuffed them in pies,
took them to the county fair
and won first prize!

VIERING OFF BY JED VIER

Those who grew up on crosswords: Eric Bohlen, Katey Dash, Randy Epley, Kit Lively

He who grew up on etch-a-sketch: Terry Colon

WASH

RETURN TO SENDER

Dear Cracked,
Pose. Make silly comment. Look pretty. Try to say something witty, which ends up sounding stupid and mean. Complain about a friend behind his/her back. Notice you're in a car.

Stage Directions for Road Rules
Somewhere On The Road

Dear Cracked,
Ha! Didn't expect to see me, did you? Thought you were going to be able to snooze, look out the window, slack off like you did with the mowing, didn't you? Think again!

Pop Quiz
On your Desk

Dear Cracked,
Now don't worry. Everything will be all right. You were just a little surprised so you wet yourself. Now dry your eyes, take a deep breath and when you're finished I'll make you some cookies.

Mom Quiz
Comes Right After Pop Quiz

Dear Cracked,
On this date in history, Joan of Arc was burned at the stake. What was her last meal? Barbecued ribs.

Mr. of Arc
Pass-the-Grey's-Poupon, France

Dear Cracked,
Do we like being next to each other all the time? Are you kidding! We're so happy, we're beside ourselves!

The Siamese Twins
Siam

LETTER FROM YOU GUYS

Dear Cracked,
Great cover on issue #321. We couldn't see that idiot Sylvester clearly.

Robby Bradfield
East Sandwich, NH

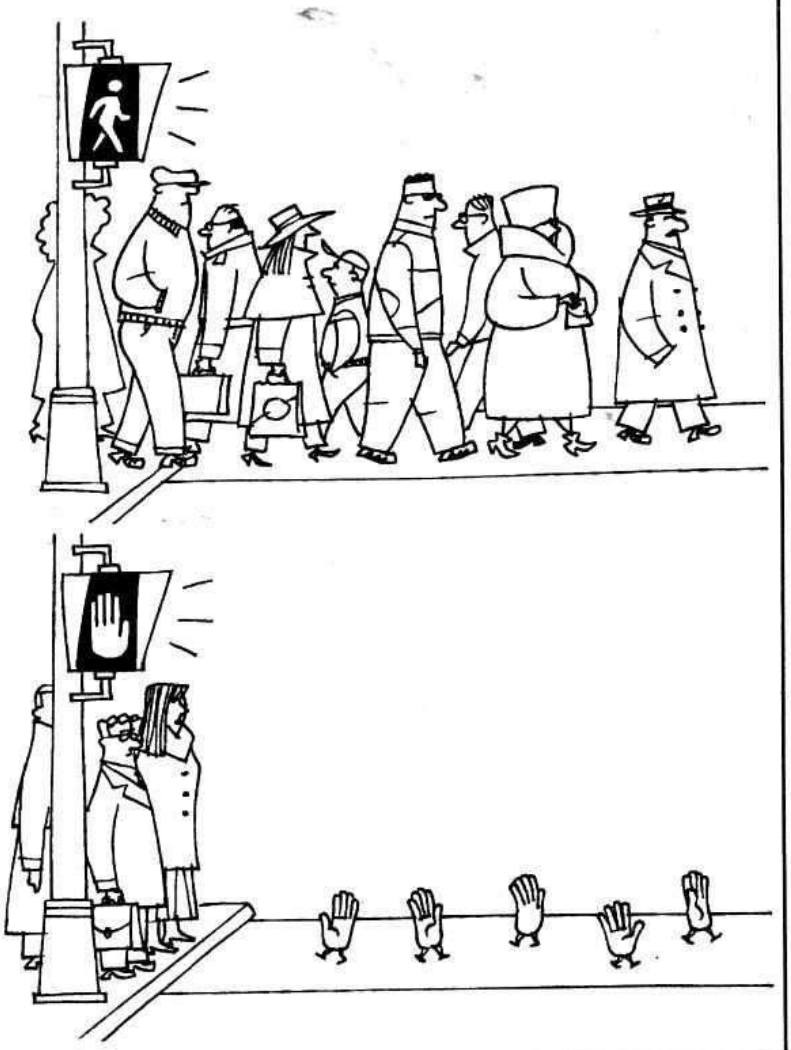
Dear Robby,
Glad you liked it. But we can't take credit for that. It was the work of our printer Hart Graphics. Send your thank you letters to the company's president via his e-mail address: DHART@HARTGR.COM.

— The Boys in Cell Block C

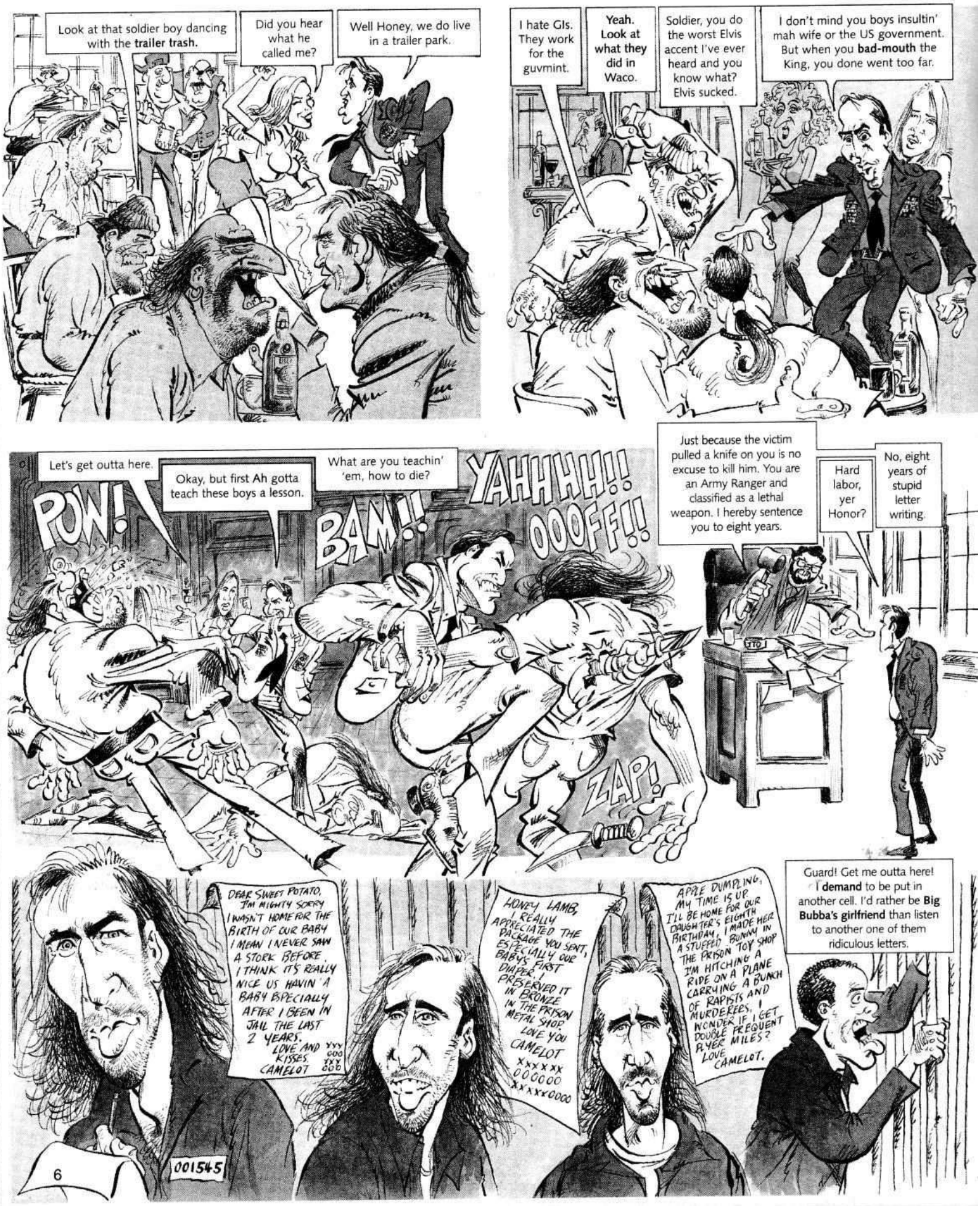
ROUGH DRAFTS OF FAMOUS CLICHÉS

FINAL VERSION	ROUGH DRAFTS
You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink	You can lead a horse to water, but what it really wants is a sweet-looking filly. You can lead a horse to water, but allow yourself extra time for road construction delays.
Don't count your chickens before they hatch.	Don't count your chickens before they learn to count. Don't count your chickens with a shotgun.
You gotta dance with the one that brought ya.	You gotta dance with the one that won't mind you stepping on her toes. You gotta dance with your sister? Loser!! Ha-ha-ha!! What a LOSER!!

OZ&NS BY T.COLON



What's the Number One movie of the summer? We're talking number one in explosions, fireballs, flying cars and ear-shattering soundtrack. If you said Batman, you're not even close. We're talking about the airplane hijacking movie that ripped stuff off from every adventure movie ever made. The producers who tried to pass this off as an original screenplay really pulled a...



CON JOB

(WITH A SPECIAL INFLIGHT PRESENTATION OF *FECES/OFF*)

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE • ARTIST: WALT BROGAN

The passengers on this plane are the worst killers and rapists in the prison system. Number one is **Tyrus Truss**, a criminal mastermind and mass murderer. He got his nickname because he strangles his victims with a truss. He's been on Oprah, Geraldo and was interviewed by Barbara Walters.

Mr. Truss, I'm from Plopps Gum. We'd like to feature you on a card in our **All-Time Great Murderers** series.

You'll have to talk to my agent.

Next we have **23 Skidoo**. He's raped 23 women.

That's a **lie**. It was more than that, but I can only count up to **23** 'cause that's all the fingers and toes I got.

This gentleman is the **Meshuga Mangler**. He tied with Mike Tyson for the Hannibal Lecter Award and finished **second** in the Nathan's hot dog eating contest.

Burp.

Meet **Golden Tooth**, the former head of the Black Gangbangers. He killed and dismembered 30 people.

That's a crock, I never **dismember** anything. I gotta good memory. I **remember** all them dudes I chopped up.

Next is **Camelot Shmoe**. He really doesn't qualify for this flight. He only killed one man.

Who's the guy in the cage?

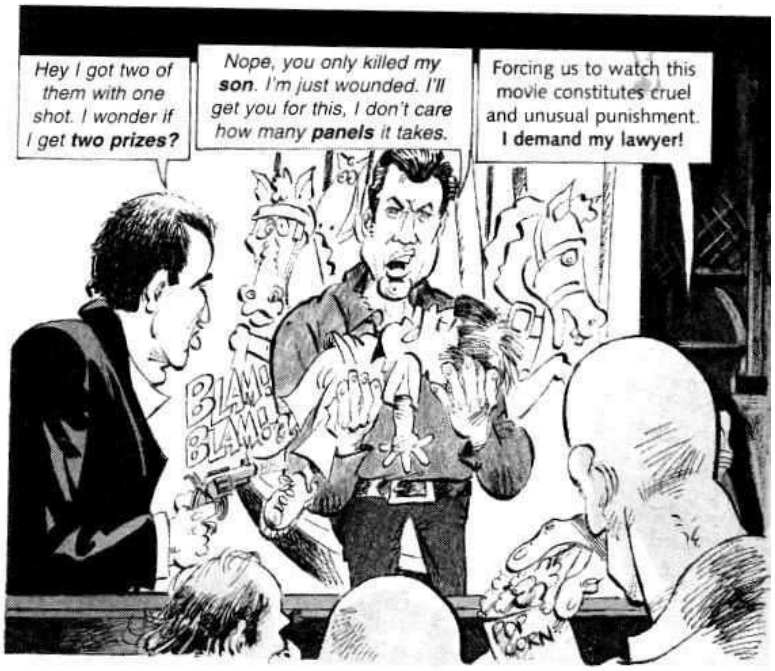
That's General Grimm. He holds a Congressional Medal of Honor.

What did he do? Sell military secrets to the enemy?

Worse. He committed adultery.

Get that **sick freak** out of my sight.

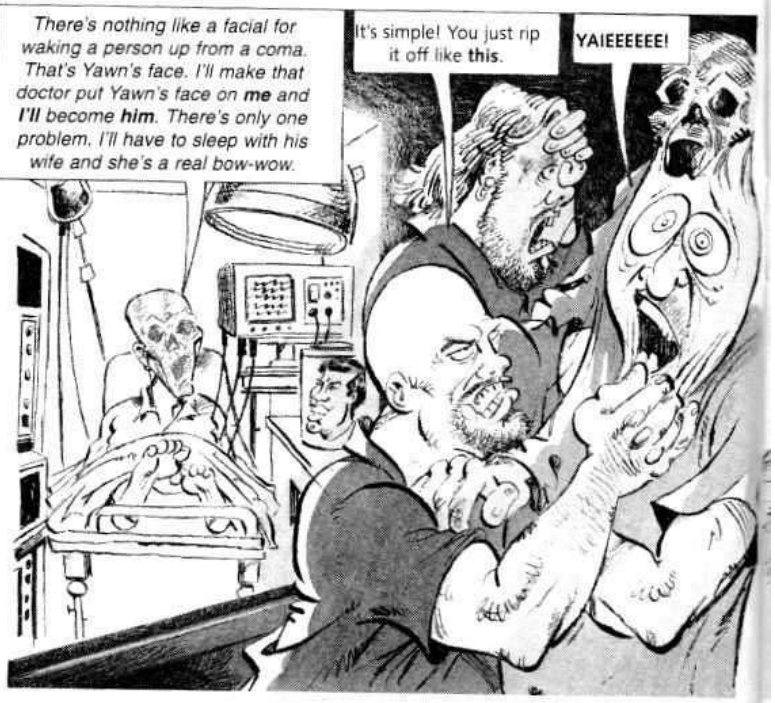
Welcome aboard Con Air. The inflight movie will be **Feces/Off**.
Oh no, not another Nicholas Cage movie!
Who the hell are you?
I'm the artist on this parody. Nicholas Cage is hard to draw. Couldn't you show a Stallone movie instead?


Hey I got two of them with one shot. I wonder if I get **two prizes?**
Nope, you only killed my **son**. I'm just wounded. I'll get you for this, I don't care how many **panels** it takes.
Forcing us to watch this movie constitutes cruel and unusual punishment. **I demand my lawyer!**
BLAM BLAM

Six years and tons of explosions later...
I told you I would get you and it only took **one panel.** You call yourself a super crook?
Congratulations Yawn. You put Castoroil in a **coma** and we captured his brother Dummox. Here, this is for you.
Is it a commendation from the President for my great work?
No, it's a bill from the FAA for destroying the L.A. Airport.
BOOM
BAM

Castoroil planted a nerve gas bomb somewhere in the city. If we don't find it, half the city will be wiped out. Do you have any suggestions?
Yeah, let's move our office to **New York**.
MAP OF L.A.

Here's the plan. The doc here will **remove** your face and **replace it** with Castoroil's face. You'll go to jail. Dummox will think you're **Castoroil** and tell you where the bomb is **hidden**. One more thing, Castoroil is circumcised.
You mean— **NO WAY!!**
Remember your oath. You swore to uphold the **Constitution.**
Where does it say in the Constitution that I gotta be **circumcised?**
What a stupid idea. I mean, how can they remove a guy's face?


There's nothing like a facial for waking a person up from a coma. That's Yawn's face. I'll make that doctor put Yawn's face on **me** and **I'll** become **him**. There's only one problem. I'll have to sleep with his wife and she's a real bow-wow.
It's simple! You just rip it off like **this**.
YAIEEEEEE!

Later, at a secret prison somewhere in the middle of the ocean.
Man, they really treat us like animals in here, Bro, making us wear horseshoes.
They're magnetized so we stick to the metal floor.
Castoroil, you got a visitor.
14305
Hi, Castoroil, how are they treating you? I really dig being you. They just promoted me to head the FBI!
That's impossible. In government you get promoted by seniority.
Well, I killed everybody who had more seniority. Now nobody but you and I know about the face switch.
Whose stupid idea was it to have the FBI Director wear a dress?
That's an old tradition started by J. Edgar Hoover. I've got some bad news.
Is my slip showing?
No. But Castoroil escaped from prison and was spotted swimming toward L.A.
He's probably headed to my, I mean, his old hideout. It's shootout time!
I think he looks cute in that dress, but when you've been in jail for 20 years anything in a skirt looks good.
F.B.I.
You know what I can't figure out?
How my wife couldn't tell us apart?
No, how come we're deadly shots but we can't hit each other from only one foot away?
BANG!
BAM!
BLAM!
Hold it.
Look at me, Eve. I'm your husband.
No, I'm really your husband.
I'm all mixed up. I know, we'll have a dance contest! That will tell me who the real Yawn Starcher is.
You win. You're my husband.
Then why are you shooting me?
You might be a better dancer, but old Castoroil does everything else better. Let's go, lover.
Ain't it cool?
Sorry I asked.
I told you guys no smoking.
We ain't smoking. This sucker's a weiner, so we're having a weiner roast.
YAWNSER!
You got a piece of dental floss stuck in your teeth.
That ain't dental floss. It's a piece of string...
Is that a torch at the end of the string?
It ain't a microwave.
THE END

While you were watching that stupid movie, we **took over** the plane. We'll land in Wichita to refuel and pick up a con who can fly this thing. Then we'll proceed to a remote airfield in Omaha. A plane will be waiting to fly us to a mysterious island where we will become **beach bums** and live happily ever after.

That's gotta be the **stupidest plan** I ever heard.

What do you expect? I **am** a criminally insane psychopath, ya know.

Man, why is this plane shaking?

Maybe we went into one of them big black holes in space.

No, it's more like a **big plot hole** in the film. The pilot is alone in the cabin and it **never** occurs to him to radio ahead to the authorities and tell them **what happened**.

This is the Captain speaking. Fasten your **leg irons**. We'll be landing at Wichita Airport in a few minutes.

Man, if I don't get a **sugar fix**, I'll go into a coma and **die.**

Don't worry. Sure, Ah could get off the plane and be a **free man**, but I'll stay with you and risk bein' killed. Ah mean, it don't matter if yore a **murdering scumbag**, yore a **friend**. When we get to that remote airfield, Ah'll get you a **candy bar**.

We have a problem. The prisoners have **taken over** the plane.

How can you tell?

Look, they painted it with prison stripes.

I gotta get a message to Lurkin about where this plane is landing. Hmm, I don't have a stamp. I know, I'll kill this sucker and write the message on him, then dump him outta the plane.

What the hell was that?

Call our insurance agent and see if we're covered for a body falling out of an airplane.

Camelot Shmoe, right? I got your body-gram. Next time send a fax. That guy who owned the car is suing the government for 10 million bucks. Shmoe, I have a message from your wife.
Did she say how much she missed me?
No, she said to stop in the 7-11 on your way home and bring her a **Big Slurpy**.
Let's get outta here.
Right. All these dammed special effects are giving me an Excedrin headache.
I'll tie this car to the plane and they won't be able to take off.
Huh, maybe I shoulda put the car in park.
Hmmm, Lurkin just fell from that chopper. There's a lot of that **goin' around**.
Luckily I was wearing my Air Jordans.
BOINNNGG!
I told you I'd take care of you. I brung you a **Baby Ruth**, a **Butterfinger** and a box of **Junior Mints**.
Man, I wanted **Gummy Bears**. I thought you was supposed to be my **friend**.
Gentlemen, we have a **traitor** on board and you know what I do to rats.
You shoot their bunnies?
Maybe we can have rabbit stew.
You want to eat an animal? **That's sick!**
BLAM! BLAM!

This is Camelot Shmoe. Don't ask me how but I've taken control of the plane. Now tell me, **how do I land this baby?**

Make your approach to the landing strip.

Roger, I'm puttin' her down.

No, you idiot! That's not the **landing strip**. That's the **Las Vegas Strip!**

Boycott or not, I told you we shoulda gone to **Disneyworld**.

Wow, I'll bet somebody hit the million dollar jackpot.

I wanna ride in one of them flying cars!

Las Vegas was totalled. Shmoe was unhurt, but his troubles weren't over.

You again? I warned you. This time you killed **dozens** of people and did **millions** in property damage. I sentence you to **thirty years**.

WALTER BROGAN

Thirty years later.

Well, I'm finally getting out, just in time for my daughter's 40th birthday. I hope she likes this stuffed bunny. Of course, it's got a few bullet holes in it but it's the **thought** that counts.

Shmoe, wanna ride on Con Air? We got room for **one more**.

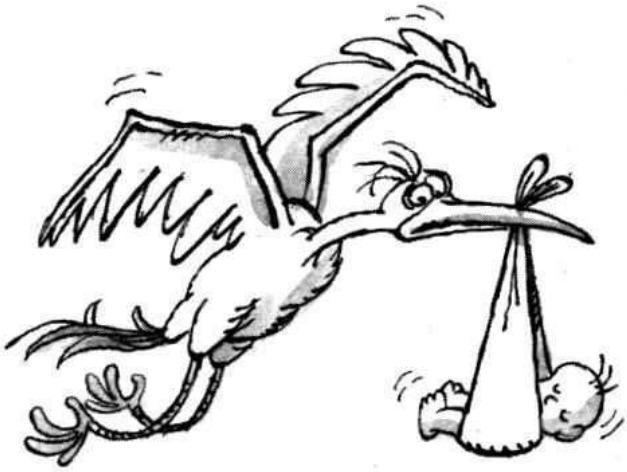
No thanks! This time I'll take the bus.

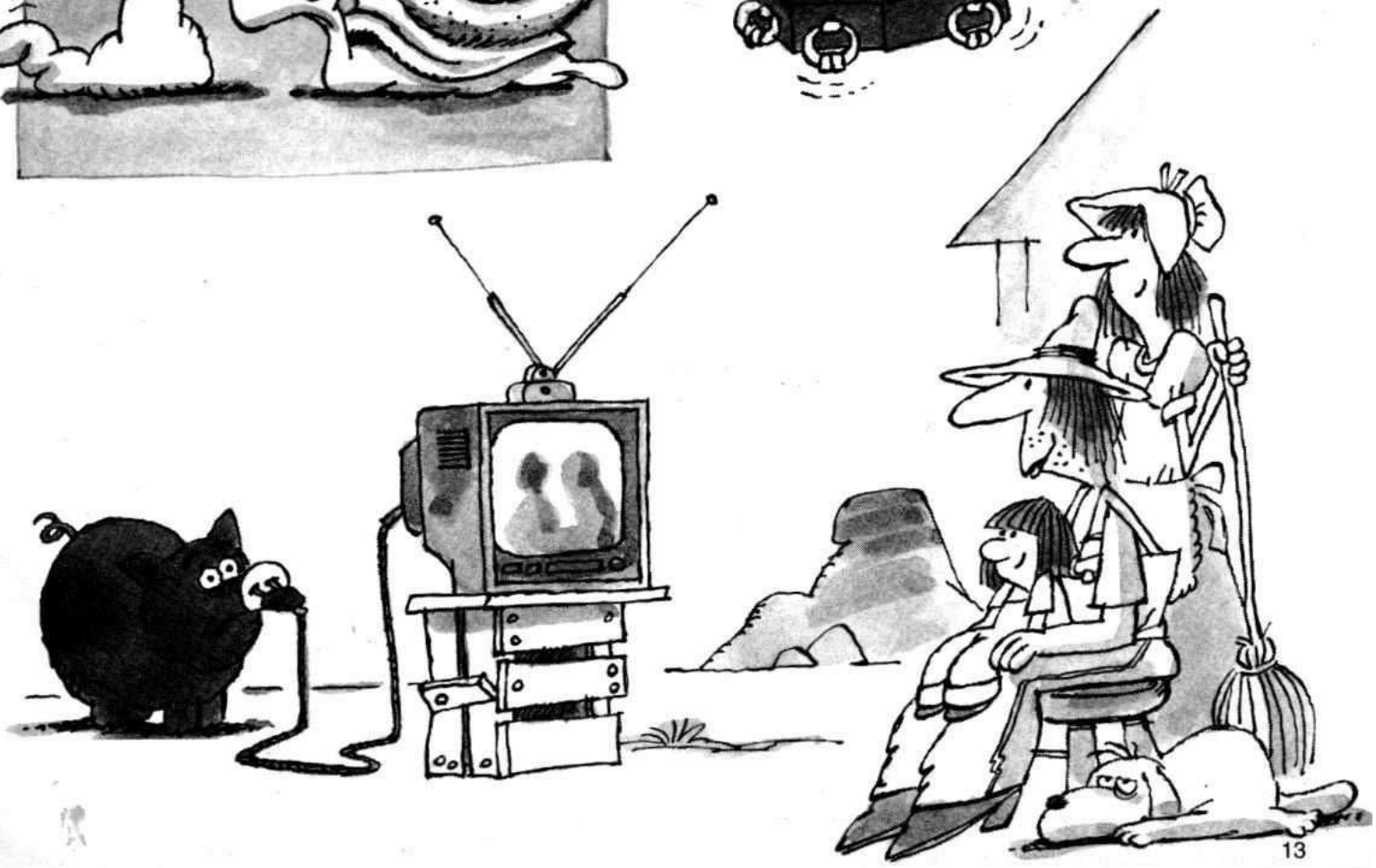
Okay, we're takin' over this bus and heading to an obscure bus stop in Omaha.

Oh no, **not again**.

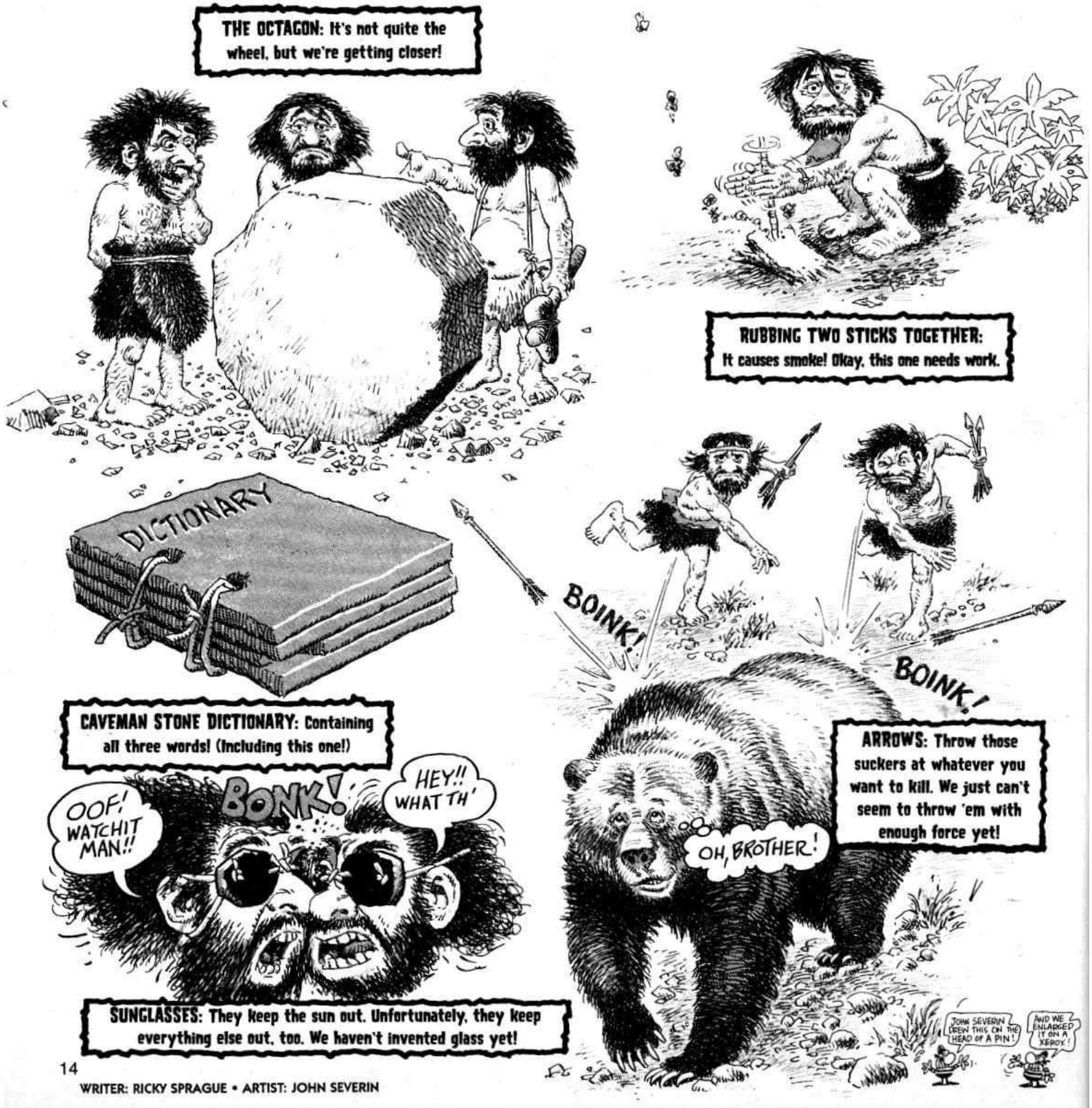
THE END

by LUCIANO AND OSKAR BLOTTA





CAVEMAN TECHNO



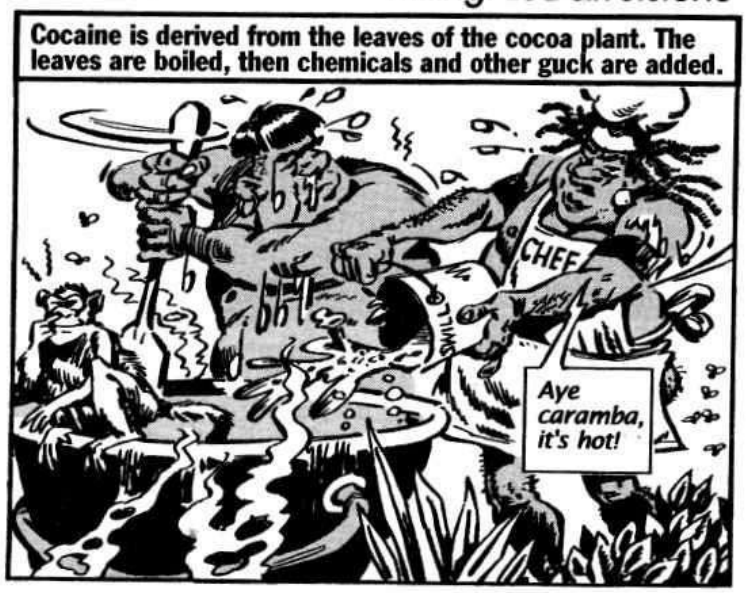
WRITER: RICKY SPRAGUE • ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

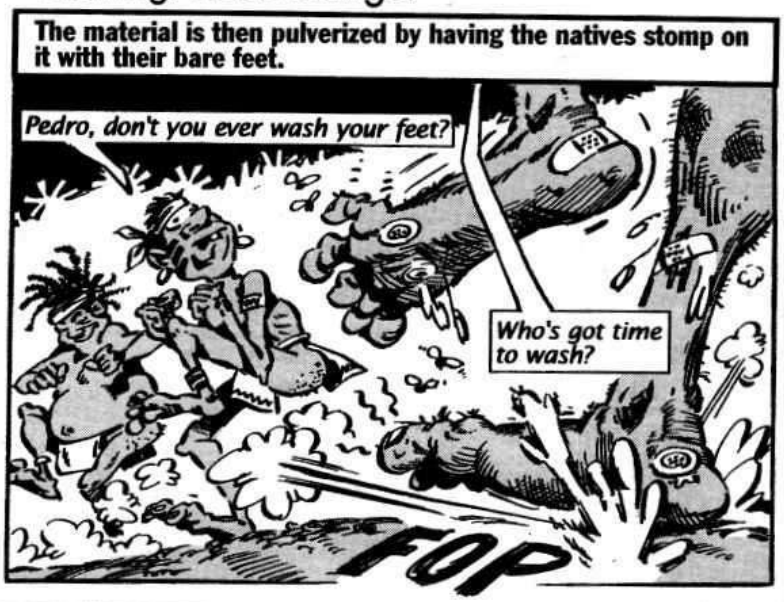
LOGY ADVANCES!

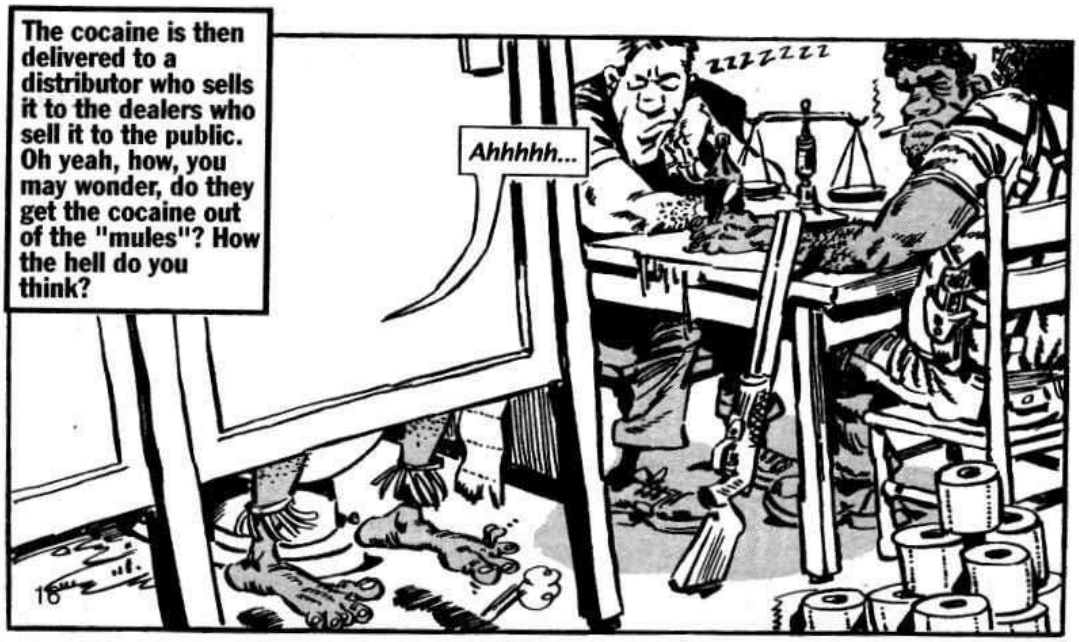
SEVERIN

Everything you wanted to know about cocaine but were too stupid to ask

Writing: Lou Silverstone Drawing: Bruce Bolinger







And people shove this stuff up their noses?

*Just say **YECCH!***

It's back to school time again. Time to get off the fat butt you've been sitting on all summer and start participating. But, in case you prefer to participate while sitting on your fat butt, here's...

Burnout High's After-School Activities

(For Unmotivated Slugs)

WRITER & ARTIST: MIKE RICIGLIANO

Pig Latin Club

Students meet every Wednesday to explore this fascinating (and ridiculously simplistic) language together. No textbook required. Field trip to local Burger King to practice various dialects.

Air Band

Meet mornings (or whenever you want) to play invisible instruments (air guitar, air horns, air drums) to MTV Buzz Clips, while marching around school desks.

Hum and Fake-It Choir

Practice looking like you're singing classic musical compositions that you don't know. Meets only once every three months.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT (SECRETARY OF VEGGING OUT)

TAKE A BI-WEEKLY SHOWER CLUB

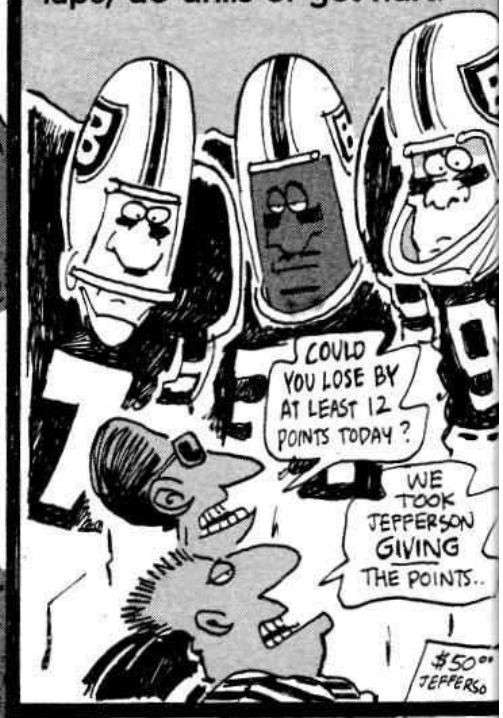
Internet Prom

Rather than go through the grueling process of getting a prom date, students simply choose best-looking babe on the internet, click on "corsage" and then "dance" function. Far less effort and expense. Far more fun!

Great CRACKED Literature CLUB

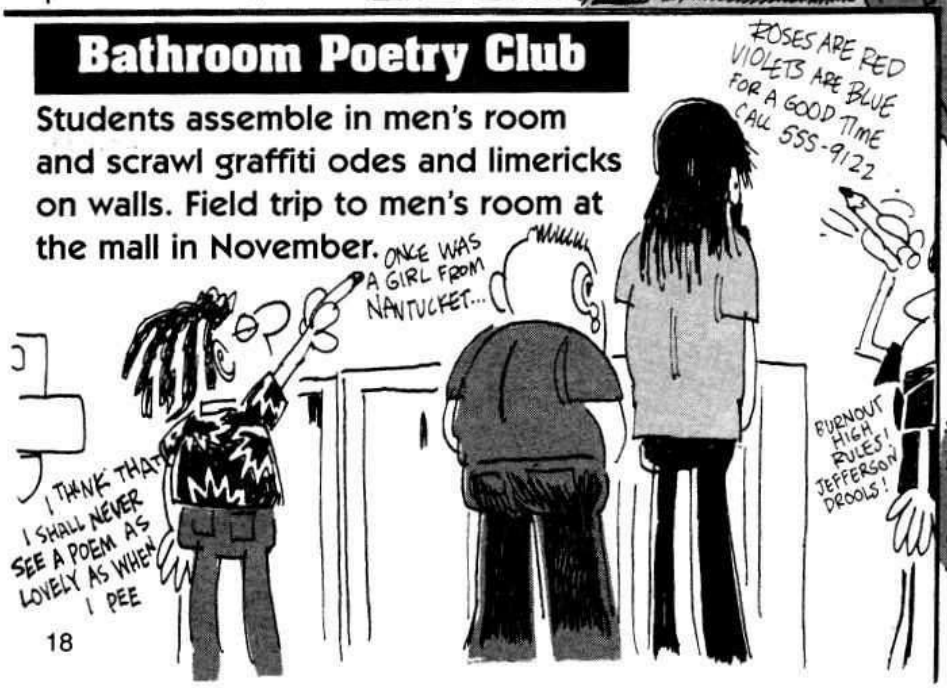
Football Wagering Team

Learn football strategy and how to alter it while developing your skills as a bookie. All the thrills of being on a football team, without having to run laps, do drills or get hurt.



Bathroom Poetry Club

Students assemble in men's room and scrawl graffiti odes and limericks on walls. Field trip to men's room at the mall in November.



GRUNGE CLUB

MOOCH-OFF-YOUR-PARENTS-FOR-LIFE CLUB

ALLOWANCE PERPETUUM

Breath-Conserving Debate Team

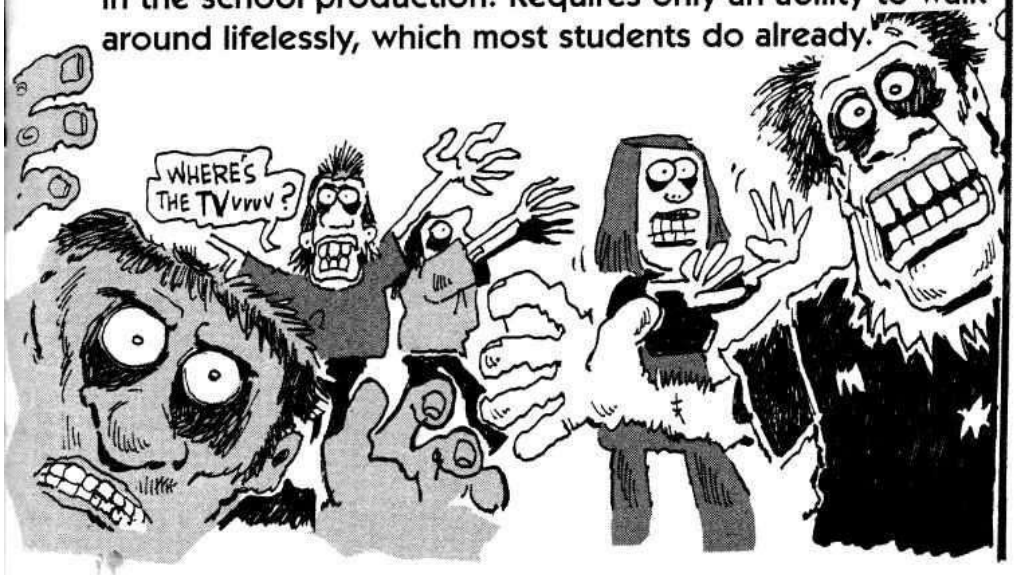
Meet every Tuesday and Thursday to practice debate techniques designed to minimize your effort.

Gum Sculpture Workshop

After-school studio where students place chewed (but unswallowed) gum under their seats and desks in an artistic, creative manner.

School Play "Night of the Living Dead"

Goof-offs should seize the opportunity to try out as zombies in the school production. Requires only an ability to walk around lifelessly, which most students do already.



Yearbook Staff
(sneak-into-photos division)

Slug students try to belong to as many normal clubs as possible by crashing the yearbook photo shoots.

Book Awareness Club

Meets every month or so. Students discuss what a book is and how, just possibly, they might have to use one in their high school career.

PAT THE BUNNY

AND SHE'LL SUE

A PRIMER ON SEXUAL HARASSMENT IN THE PETTING ZOO

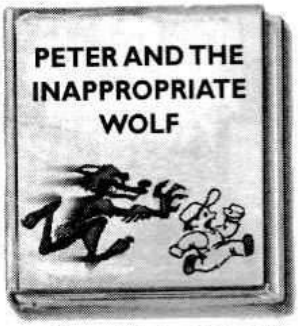
Fed up with giggles, gorillas and goofy dogs? Want your kid to know the score? Ready for some bedtime stories that will keep 'em awake, thinking productive thoughts? Join the

SOMBER TODDLER'S BOOK CLUB

ENTER THE AGE OF REASON AND RESPONSIBILITY

Pick any 3 books for just $49.95! (Free Lesson #1: In the real world, people get ripped off.)

We'll send you these books, eventually, plus 20 more whether you want them or not! (Free lesson #2: You cannot win with mail-order book clubs.)

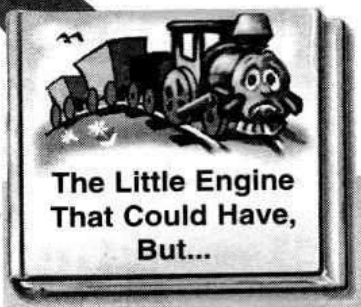


Sexual harassment doesn't only happen to girls.

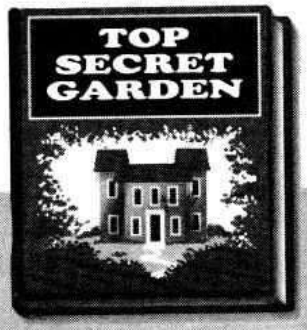
Updated bio of young Abe Lincoln examines evidence of his early addiction to alcohol, painkillers, and sassafras.

Plus:

The entire Bearenstein Bears "Downward Mobility" collection!



Autobiography of young choo-choo whose keen sense of self-confidence is crushed by ill-prepared teachers operating in sub-standard facilities.

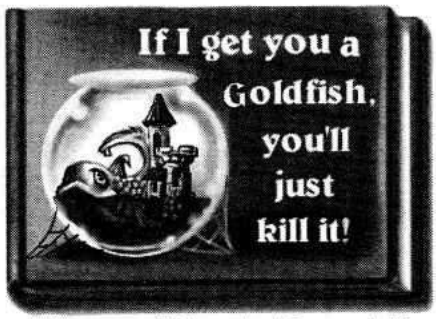


Strange doings in the attic! Who is the mysterious boy? And who is he building the plutonium plant for?

The Bearenstein Bears Declare Bankruptcy • The Bearenstein Bears Join a Cult • The Bearenstein Bears Stockpile Arms • The Bearenstein Bears Turn State's Witness • The Bearenstein Bears Narrowly Escape Mass Suicide • The Bearenstein Bears Go On Oprah

WRITERS: LENORE SKENAZY & OLIVER FULTZ

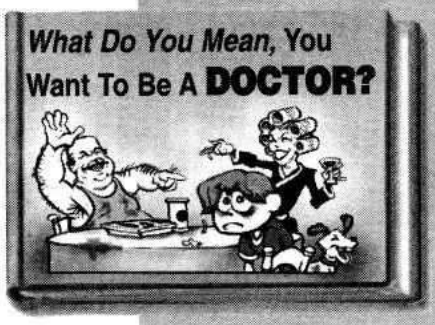
ARTIST: RURIK TYLER



When your children plead for a pet, this factual book is all you'll need to talk them out of it. Graphic color pictures show the terrible fate awaiting overfed goldfish, broken-legged ponies and puppies who live too near rabid racoons. Prepare your little nippers for all the heartaches of pet ownership.

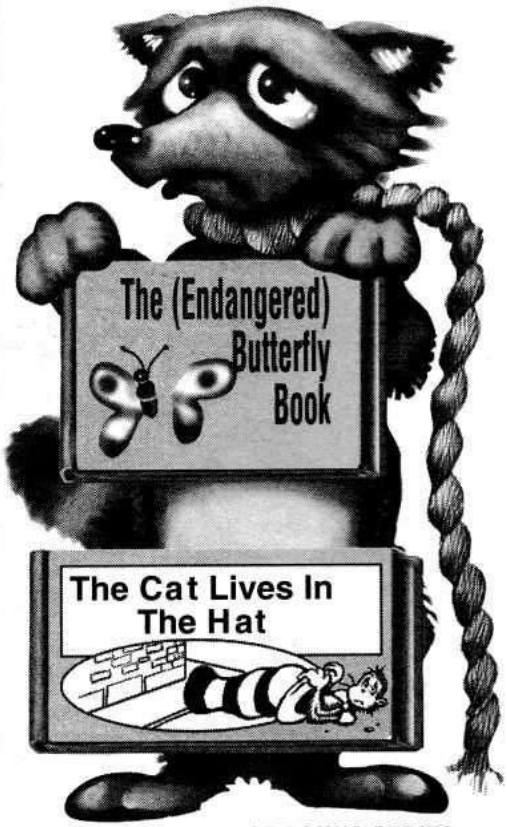
If your boy comes home blubbering because of every petty slight experienced at school, this is the book for you! It tells the story of Tad, a weakling who gets picked on by everyone until his gym teacher introduces him to the wonderful world of numchucks!

Louisa May Alcott's beloved classic...revisited! Precisely what is so "little" about young women who have already learned the value of education, dedication and service—not to mention cooperative living?

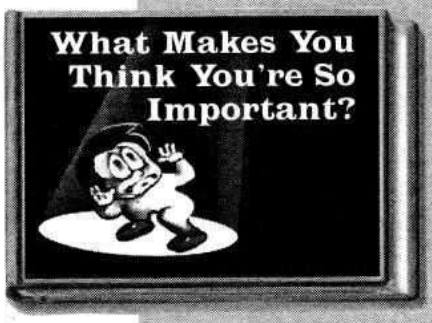


Help prevent the idle dreamer in your child from wasting time trying to achieve an unreachable career! This book teaches them that the odds are against them ever becoming a doctor, a lawyer, or other professional—after all, *YOU never did!*

This book offers situation after situation in which children ask the question "Why?" Each clearly illustrated situation is answered by the statement **"BECAUSE I SAID SO!"** Think of all the time you'll be able to spend on yourself when you never have to bother explaining anything to your kids!



With the **HARD FACT BONUS SERIES** your little realists can learn that pesticides don't **care** how pretty a bug is, (they just kill!) and that **anyone** can become a has-been!



This book shows your child that life is full of endless put-downs. Teach your child about his or her own powerlessness now, before he or she wastes time and energy trying to fight the system!

This book teaches a child the importance of sticking it to the other guy before he sticks it to you! This book will help undo some of that "Sesame Street" do-gooder brainwashing about sharing and giving that can only hamper a child's future as a doctor, lawyer or public "servant".

___ **YES!** Please send me 3 SOMBER TODDLER BOOKS for the whopping sum of $49.95! If I am not completely satisfied, well, what else is new?

___ **NO!** Don't send 3 SOMBER TODDLER BOOKS. Simply bill me $49.95! (Free lesson #3: This "free" lesson is actually costing you $50! That's just the way life is!)

NAME_____ AGE_____

ADDRESS_____

CHILD THERAPIST_____

NASTY PLAYGROUND NICKNAMES_____

They're the hippest, they're the coolest and now they're the biggest movie grosser, too. Wanna join 'em? Here's how. Just read your handy...

MEN IN BLACK MANUAL

WRITER: ANDY SIMMONS ARTIST: FRANK CUMMINGS

WHAT'S A MIB?

A MIB is a special agent trained to police and monitor alien activity on Earth. But more importantly, a MIB agent is two things:

1. He is a lazy, smelly, slob without a social life so no one will ever miss him when his past has been erased.

Here it is Saturday night and this man is alone at home drinking, eating a pizza, and watching *The Alien Autopsy* tape for the 27th time. He's a pathetic loner no one even knows exists. In short, he's our kinda guy!

2. And secondly, he looks good dressed in black.

Of course, we prefer our agents to wear a black suit.

■ If you do not look good dressed in black, you might consider joining one of the following divisions:

Men In Checks & Stripes.
They police and monitor people who dress in the dark.

Men In Bermuda Shorts.
They police and monitor tourists.

Men In Toilet Paper.
They police and monitor how the hell a grown man can get stuck in a bathroom stall.

IMPORTANT NOTE!!

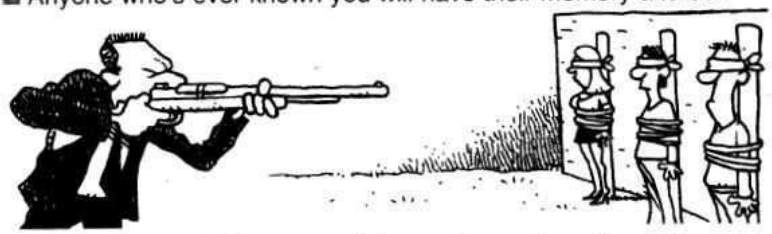
Simply because these men are dressed in black does not mean they are...Men In Black!

YOU ARE JUST A RUMOR

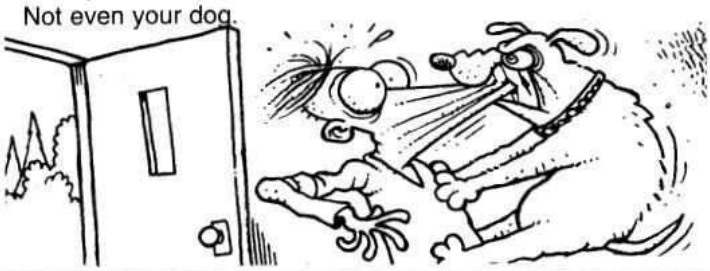
Due to the confidential nature of the MIB, upon joining the force, your identity, as well as all proof that you ever existed, will be erased.

■ Your fingerprints will be removed.

■ Anyone who's ever known you will have their memory altered.



■ You no longer will have a social security number, driver's license, library card, or membership to the Gillian Anderson Fan Club. As far as anyone is concerned, you never existed. No one will know you. Not even your dog.



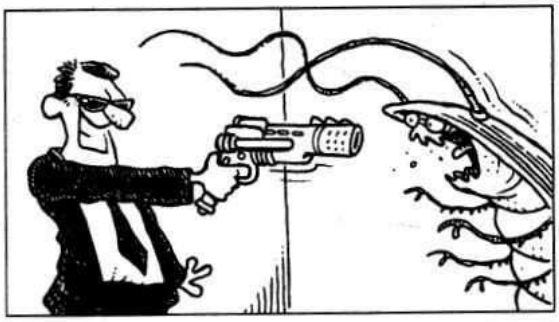
Of course, the upshot of all this is, you no longer have to pay your credit card bills.

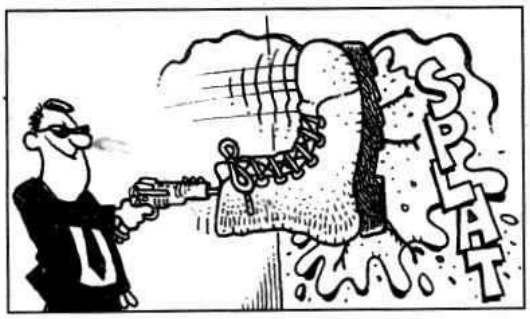
STANDARD ISSUE WEAPONS AND ORDNANCE

Upon joining the force you will be issued the latest in interplanetary weaponry in order to fulfill your duties. These weapons include:

The Messy Roach.

Used to kill bug-like aliens.





The Neuralyzer.

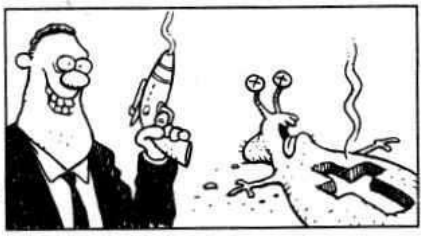
Used when it's important for someone to forget what they've just seen.

Aquillan Arm Cannon De-Gunker.

The most important weapon in your arsenal. This removes the spots from your black suit following a slime-job from a particularly juicy alien.

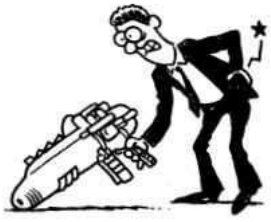
Sunday Morning Special.

(For Holy Men in Black) Not only does it blow aliens away, it reads them their last rites in their native tongue.



EQUIPMENT

Truss: What every MIB needs if they try and lift any of these guns.



ALIEN STEREOTYPES

There are 1500 registered Aliens in the country and they all come in different shapes and sizes. It's important to recognize them before they assume human form.

Classification: A Drunkoid from the planet Brewskie. **Purpose on Earth:** To party down in the city that never sleeps, dude!

Classification: An Overactor from the planet Hamm. **Purpose on Earth:** It has searched the galaxy for great culture and finally found it on an American sitcom.

Classification: A Nasal drone from the planet YESSSSS. **Purpose on Earth:** A terrorist robot that wants to destroy the Earth bit by bit, bite by bite. (No, not Marv Albert. The thing sitting on his head!)

Classification: A Boxofficebuster who travels in Sigourney Weaver's tummy (talk about your weird home planets). **Purpose on Earth:** To make money every couple of years by tricking people into getting caught up in sequel-mania.

DETECTING ALIENS IN HUMAN FORM

Aliens wear disguises while on Earth so as not to frighten humans. But here are a few ways to tell an alien in human form from a run-of-the-mill-human.

- Their body parts have been hurriedly put on.

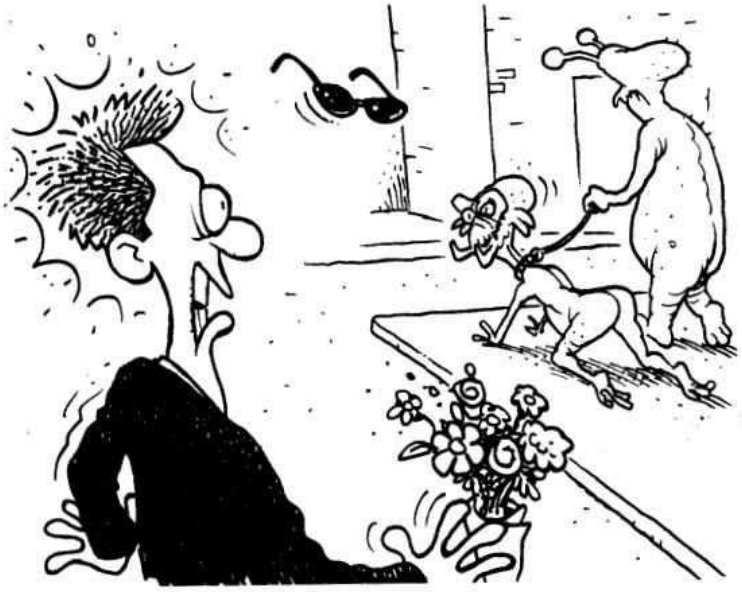
- They enjoy strange foods.

- They find humor in Pauly Shore movies.

INTERACTION WITH ALIENS

Fraternization with aliens will not be tolerated!

This is conduct unbecoming a MIB agent. New agents should know that with some alien races it is difficult to tell whether the alien you have found yourself attracted to is a male or female.



Or, for that matter, a pet.

GROUNDS FOR DEPORTATION

Blowing up the Earth:

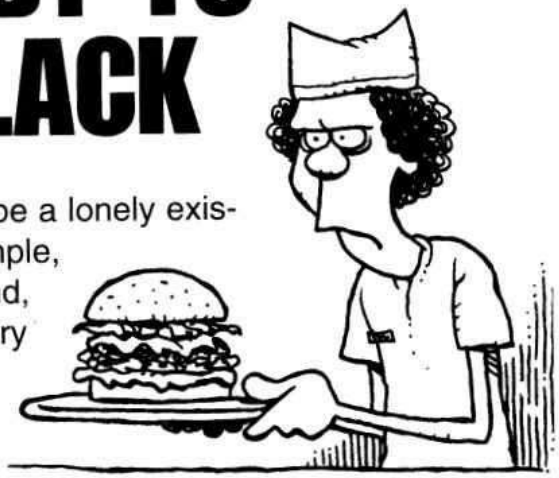
Blowing up the Earth is considered a violation of an Alien's visa and should be discouraged.

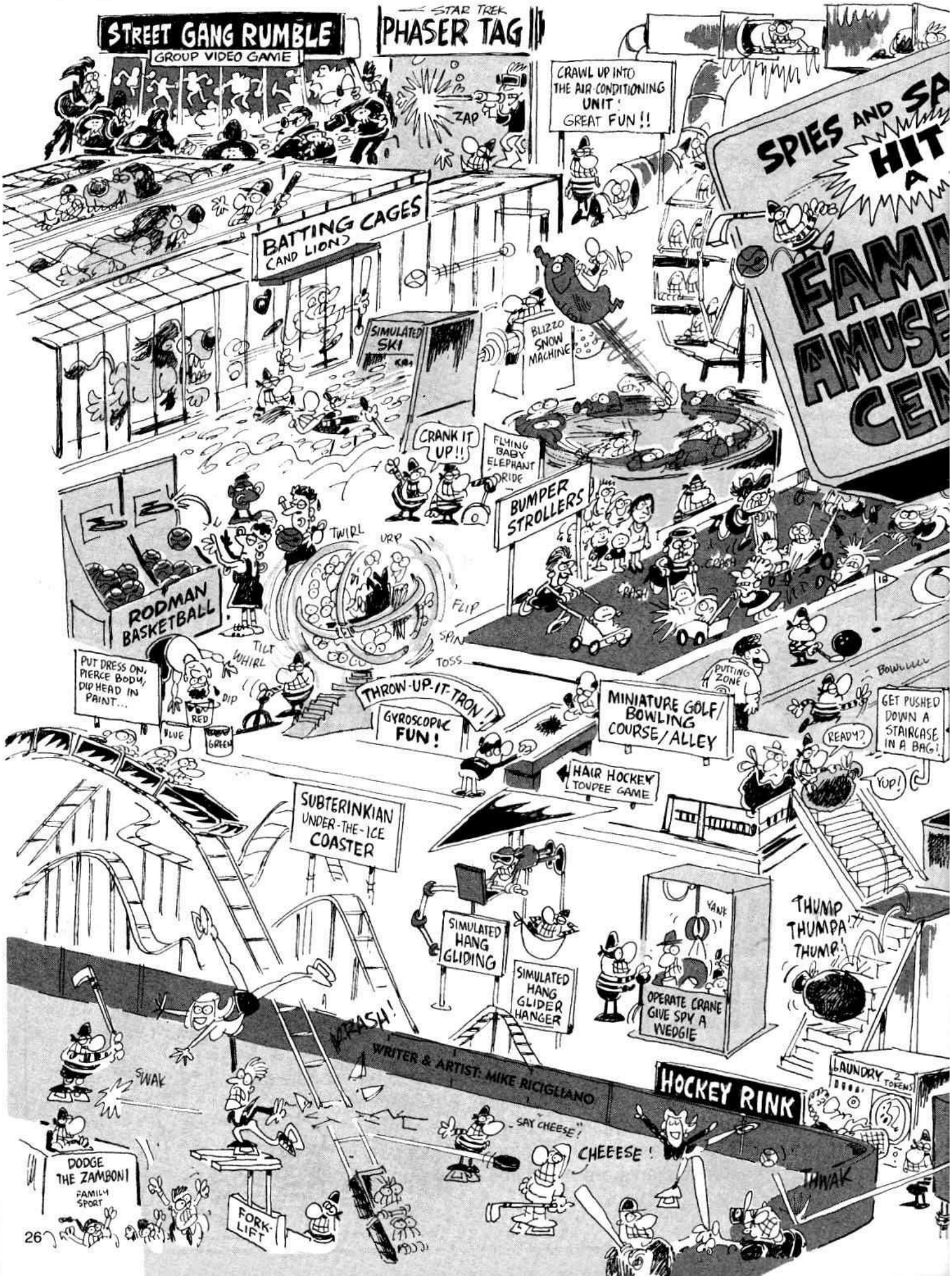
Mooning MIB agents

Double parking a space vehicle.

YOU ARE NOW READY TO JOIN THE MEN IN BLACK

Remember, while being a Man In Black can prove to be a lonely existence, there are upsides to the profession. For example, you never have to go shopping for clothes again. And, you get to fire cool weapons. Just remember, contrary to popular belief, fast food clerks are not aliens. However, the food they serve, is. Good Luck!



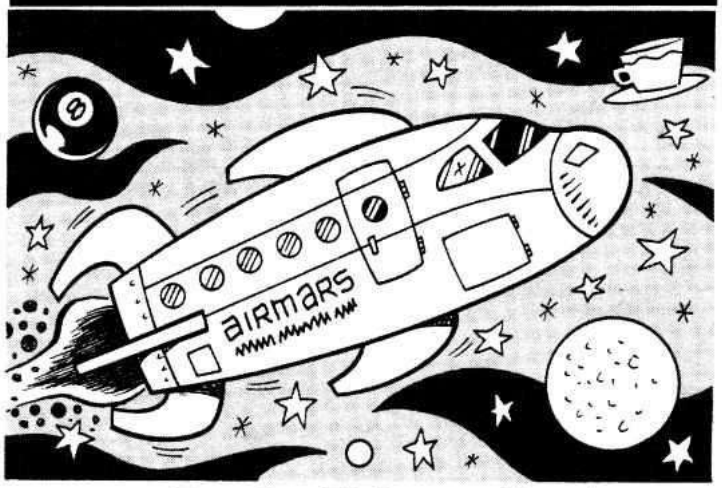

STREET GANG RUMBLE
GROUP VIDEO GAME
STAR TREK
PHASER TAG
ZAP
CRAWL UP INTO THE AIR CONDITIONING UNIT! GREAT FUN!!
SPIES AND SP
HIT A
FAM
AMUSE
CEN
BATTING CAGES
(AND LIONS)
SIMULATED SKI
BLIZZO SNOW MACHINE
CRANK IT UP!!
FLYING BABY ELEPHANT RIDE
BUMPER STROLLERS
TWIRL
URP
FLIP
SPIN
TOSS
TILT
WHIRL
RODMAN BASKETBALL
PUT DRESS ON, PIERCE BODY, DIP HEAD IN PAINT...
DIP
RED
BLUE
GREEN
THROW-UP-IT-TRON!
GYROSCOPIC FUN!
MINIATURE GOLF/ BOWLING COURSE/ALLEY
PUTTING ZONE
BOWLLLL
GET PUSHED DOWN A STAIRCASE IN A BAG!
READY?
YUP!
HAIR HOCKEY TOUPEE GAME
SUBTERINKIAN UNDER-THE-ICE COASTER
SIMULATED HANG GLIDING
SIMULATED HANG GLIDER HANGER
YANK
OPERATE CRANE GIVE SPY A WEDGIE
THUMP THUMPA THUMP!
BRASH!
WRITER & ARTIST: MIKE RICIGLIANO
HOCKEY RINK
LAUNDRY 2 TOKENS
SWAK
"SAY CHEESE!"
CHEEESE!
THWAK
DODGE THE ZAMBONI
FAMILY SPORT
FORK-LIFT

THE ULTIMATE MOVIE EXPERIENCE!
3-D VIRTUAL REALITY IMAX HOLOGRAPHIC MOVIE:
TERMINATOR III
THE ONE WITH MORE EXPLOSIONS
MR. FREEZE COULD SURVIVE IN HERE..
TRAMPOLINE PIE-THROWING
SPLAT
HELIUM ROOM
SUCK SUCK
YOUR PHOTO BEING SQUIRTED BY SELTZER
RIDE THE BOWLING BALL RETURN
GUTTERS + PUTTERS
MECHANICAL SUMO WRESTLER
DINK
BALL RETURN
SIMULATED ROCK CLIMBING
SIMULATED AVALANCHE!
AMAZING PIMPO
AGE, FORTUNE, AND GOOD-LOOKING DATE
WORTH THE TOKEN!
32 LUCKY!
SELL SOUL TO DEVIL FOR TOKENS
CRAZYGLUE WALL
STICK YOUR HAND IN THE HOLE! 2 ARE PRIZES! ONE IS A SCORPION!
AREA 51
WHEW
SIMULATED GOLF COURSE
DOINK!
FORE!
MIKE TYSON BITE BOX
PLACE EAR IN HERE
VINCENT VAN GOOF!
CRUISIN' USA
SWING AT VIDEO SCREEN
SHUFFLEPOOL
GET BEANED BY ROGER CLEMENS SIMULATOR
YOU #@&!
KRAKKK!
ROOMFUL OF BOWLING BALLS
HALF PIPE FOR FAMILY VANS
EXCHANGE PRIZE TICKETS HERE
RUBBER BAND 600 TICKETS
LINT 310 TICKETS
RUBBER SPIDER 31000 TICKETS
TACKY CERAMIC CLOCK 790,000,00 TICKETS

Whenever they invent something new, they always say it's going to improve your life. But no one ever mentions that these advancements might cause new problems. Do you think the guy who invented the wheel said anything about all the auto accidents that would happen a million years later? Of course not. But we'll tell you the whole story, as we look at...

THE UPSIDE AND DOWNSIDE OF FUTURE INVENTIONS

UPSIDE

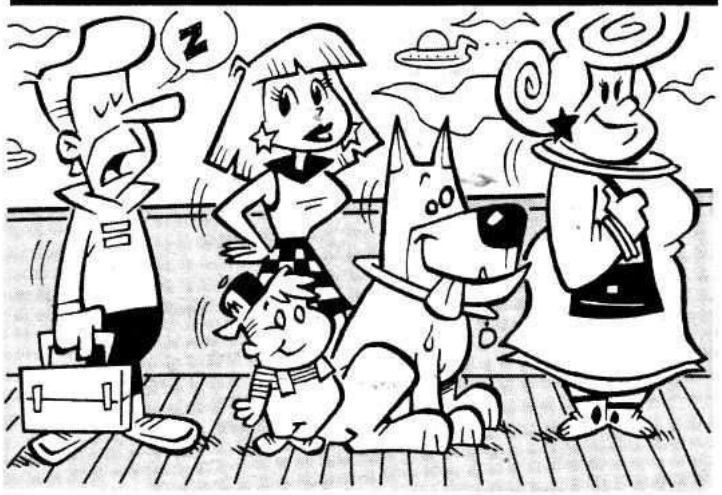


Regular flights to Mars!

DOWNSIDE

Your luggage gets sent to Venus.

UPSIDE

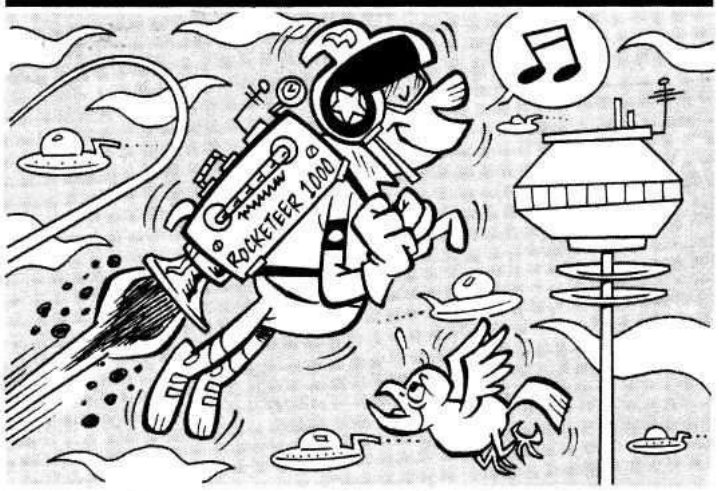


Moving sidewalks!

DOWNSIDE

Moving sidewalk vendors.

UPSIDE

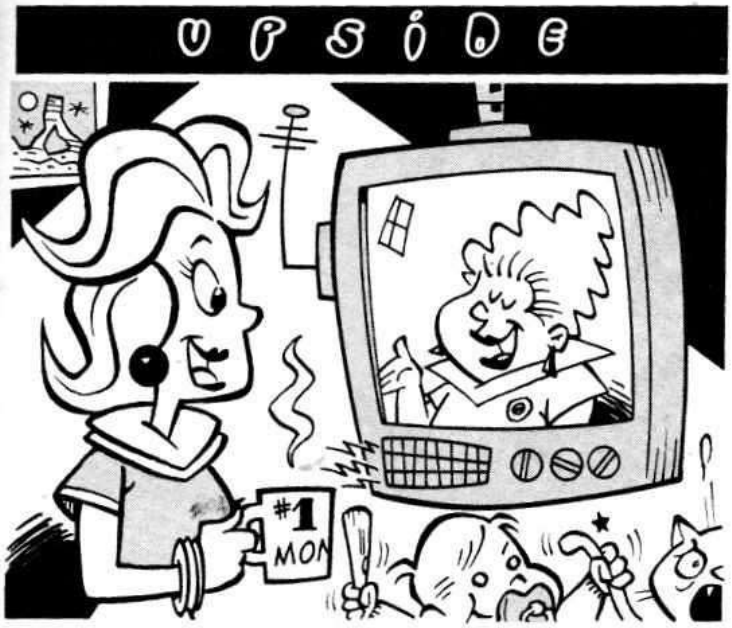


Personal rocket backpacks!

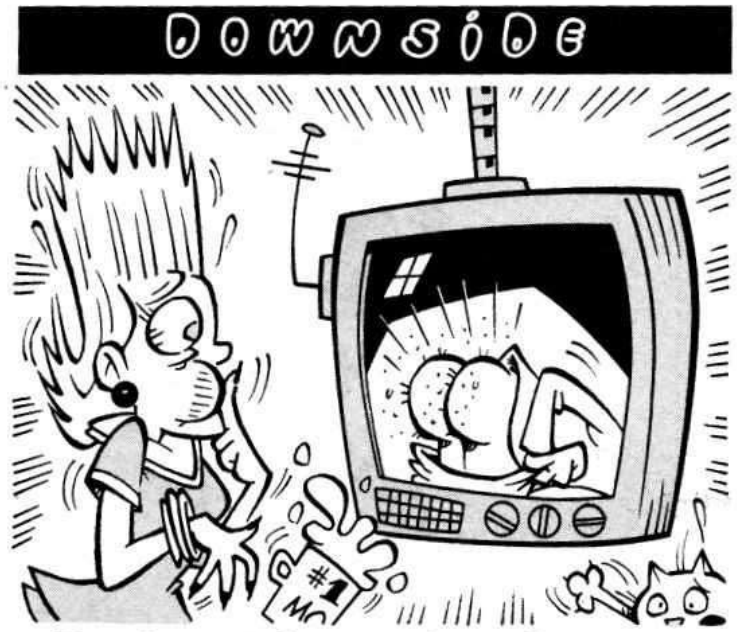
DOWNSIDE

Butt burns.

WRITER: DAN FIORELLA • ARTIST: GARY FIELDS

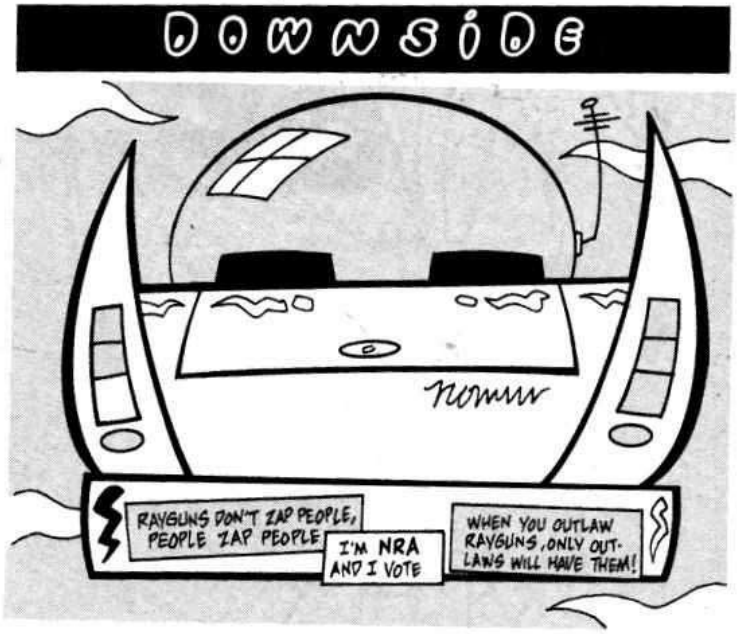


Picture phones!



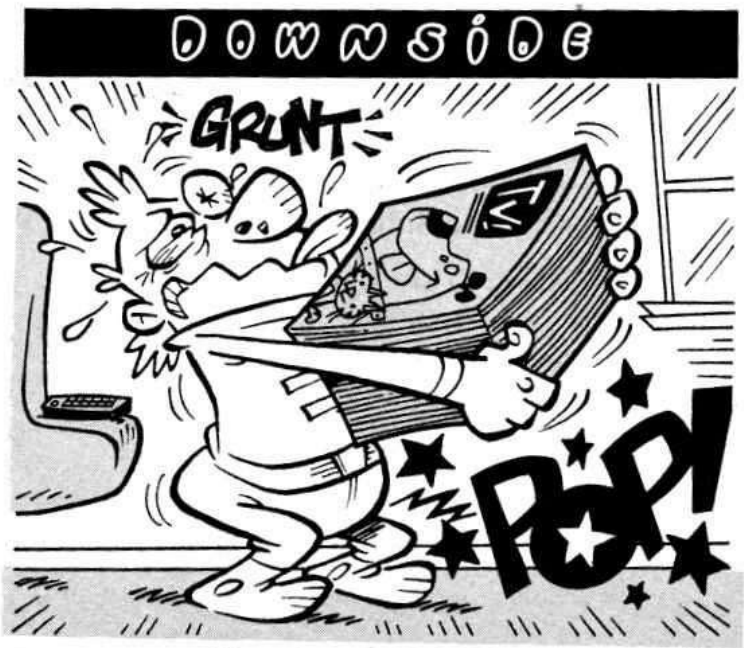
People mooning you long distance.

Death rayguns!



National Raygun Association.

600 Channel satellite television!



Heavier TV Guides.

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FIELD & STREAMING BLOOD

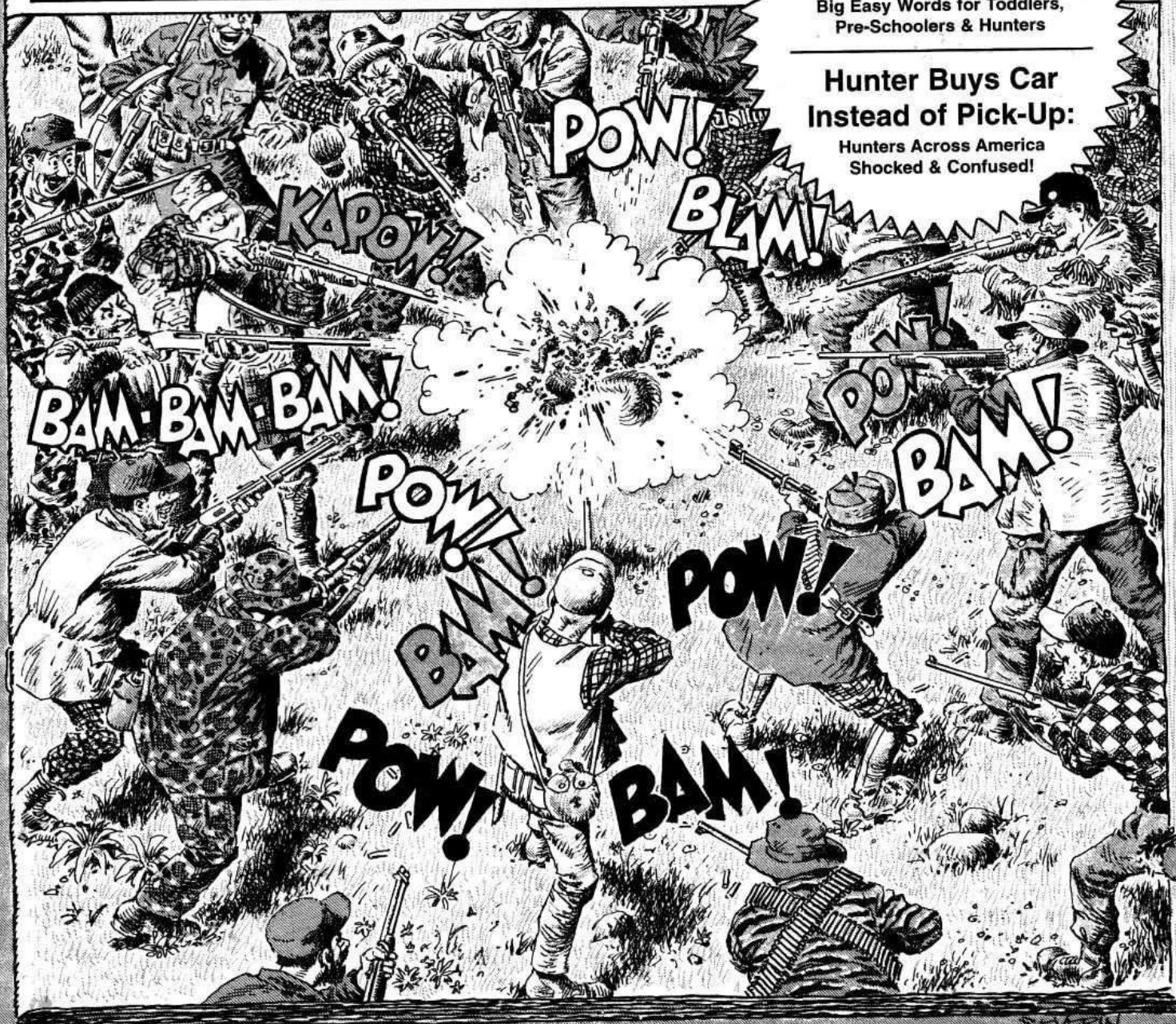
DEC 1997 ENJOYING NATURE BY BLASTING ANIMAL GUTS ALL OVER THE PLACE EAST EDITION

Lots of Bloody Pictures of Dead Animals to Drool Over!

This Month's Hot Centerfold: **A Dead Baby Raccoon with its Legs Blown Off!**

An "I Can Read" Magazine:
Big Easy Words for Toddlers, Pre-Schoolers & Hunters

Hunter Buys Car Instead of Pick-Up:
Hunters Across America Shocked & Confused!



WRITER: GREG GRABIANSKI • ARTIST: JOHN SEVERIN

KIL-MART

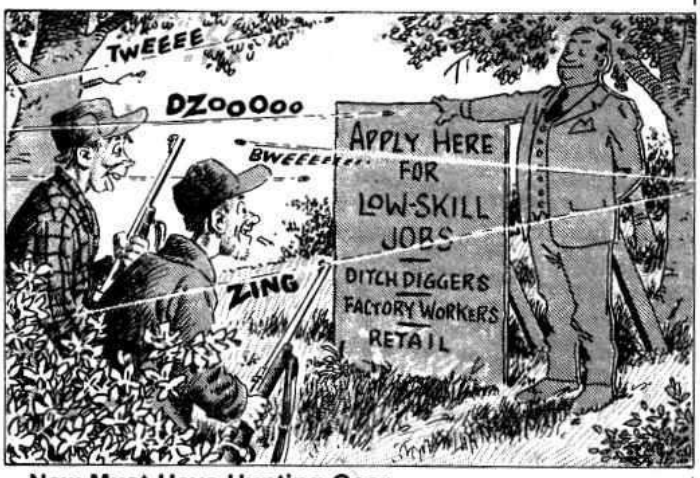
Visit our hunting department for all your hunting needs.

Check out our DECOY BLOW-OUT SALE!

LET'S FACE IT, THE BEST PART OF HUNTING IS SHOOTING ANOTHER HUNTER "ACCIDENTALLY."
Where else can you shoot another man, watch him die and get away with it? When you're hunting ducks you use decoys to attract them, right? So why not use a decoy to attract other hunters! Choose from our most popular models!

Decoy Model #877: Menial Labor Employer

What hunter will be able to resist this decoy? A boss looking to hire workers with no skills for a low wage job that requires no intelligence. $129.99



New Must-Have Hunting Gear
Camouflage Keg

When you and the boys are out hunting, does the shiny beer keg you're carrying give away your position to the wildlife? Not anymore! The Buttwiper Brewery introduces a keg that's painted in green and brown camouflage colors. $89.99

Decoy Model #69R: Cheap Bar Slut.

One look at this portable, inflatable decoy and every hunter in the woods will come running. Looks like the kind of woman every hunter craves: cheap, used-up and dumb as a rock. The beauty of this decoy is that even when hunters find out it's inflatable, it's still the kind of woman every hunter craves! $259.99

Super-Bright Hunting Jacket Now Available

Don't you hate it when you're wearing them pretty bright orange outfits while hunting and you still get shot by some fool who thought you were a bunny? Fear no more, friend! Now, a new hunting jacket makes sure you won't get mistook for no animal. $79.95

The Jacket Comes Equipped With:

- 90,000 flashing red, blue and yellow lights
- 30 strobe lights
- Two high-powered searchlights visible for up to 90 miles
- A 10-foot wide blinking neon sign on the back that reads "Don't Shoot Me! I'm a Hunter!"
- Four 500-Watt speakers that constantly repeat the message "Don't Shoot Me! I'm a Hunter!"
- A built-in video screen repeatedly showing a lady using sign-language to sign "Don't Shoot Me! I'm a Hunter!" for the benefit of any deaf hunters in the area, and the same message written in Braille on the front of the jacket for the benefit of any blind hunters.

(Happily, field testing of the jacket has gone fairly well, with only 29 hunters getting accidentally shot by other hunters after being mistook for animals when wearing the jacket.)

True Life Adventure Section

BY EARL SMUDD

WHEN THE UNTHINKABLE HAPPENS: HUNTERS FIND THEMSELVES IN THE WOODS WITHOUT BEER

When me and my buddies Wayne and Bobby Joe piled into the truck and drove out to the woods on a weekend hunting trip, we had no idea what kind of hardship and sufferin' we was in for. We was about a couple hours into the woods, having a good old time, blasting raccoons and deer and rabbits and eagles, as usual. Then I turned to my buddy Wayne and I says, "Toss me a beer, man."

Then we realized we had no beer.

He looks at me and goes, "I thought you brung the beer cooler!" That's when we all realized that we had no beer! I tell you, I was never so scared and sad in my life. When my wife and kids died, it was nothing compared to this terrible feeling. And I'd say that even if I hadn't shot 'em.

So come nightfall, we're sitting around the campfire as sober as can be. God, it was horrible. Without beer, we all started thinking real clear and all, and I started realizing that I was nothing but an empty-headed hillbilly! We realized we was just angry stupid morons with nothing better to do but shoot animals for fun.

It got to the point where we all started talking that maybe we should get us an education. You know, crazy talk like that. Then, all of a sudden, Bobby Joe remembered he always keeps an emergency six-pack of beer in his vest pocket!

Well, we was saved! Our thinking got back to normal, and we shot a bunch more animals. The end.

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And if you subscribe to CRAZED GUNMAN now, you'll get your choice of these free gifts: Post Office Camouflage Clothes or Fast-Food Restaurant Camouflage Clothes!

Hunters wear camouflage so they'll blend in with the woods. Now crazed gunmen like you can have the same advantage when hunting people in public!

Post Office: They'll never see you coming when you wear the Post Office Camouflage outfit, designed to resemble post office surroundings. Look carefully, and you'll see stacks of undelivered mail and the faces of typical customers.

Fast-Food Restaurant: Would you like fries with that shotgun blast? Blend in with the surroundings of a fast-food joint and watch the body count rise! With fries, burgers and confused, pimply employee faces designed right into the fabric!

Inside CRAZED GUNMAN, you'll find plenty of interesting, informative articles. For example, this one titled: Tips for Your First Shooting Spree.

1) **Be courteous to other crazed gunmen in the area.**
2) **Bring a good book and a cooler with cold drinks and sandwiches in case of a prolonged hostage stand-off.**
3) **Check under tables for potential victims you might have missed.**

SO FILL OUT THE APPLICATION AND SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

CRAZED GUNMAN, LTD.
.22 W. .38th St. Dept. .45
Dead Gulch, Ariz. 00000-0

Please print using a pen or letters cut out of magazine and newspapers

Name _____
Names of Voices In Your Head _____
Address _____
Which Town In Texas Do You Live In? _____

Do you plan on a murder-suicide soon? _____
If so, please include full payment.

Baby's First Deer Hunt

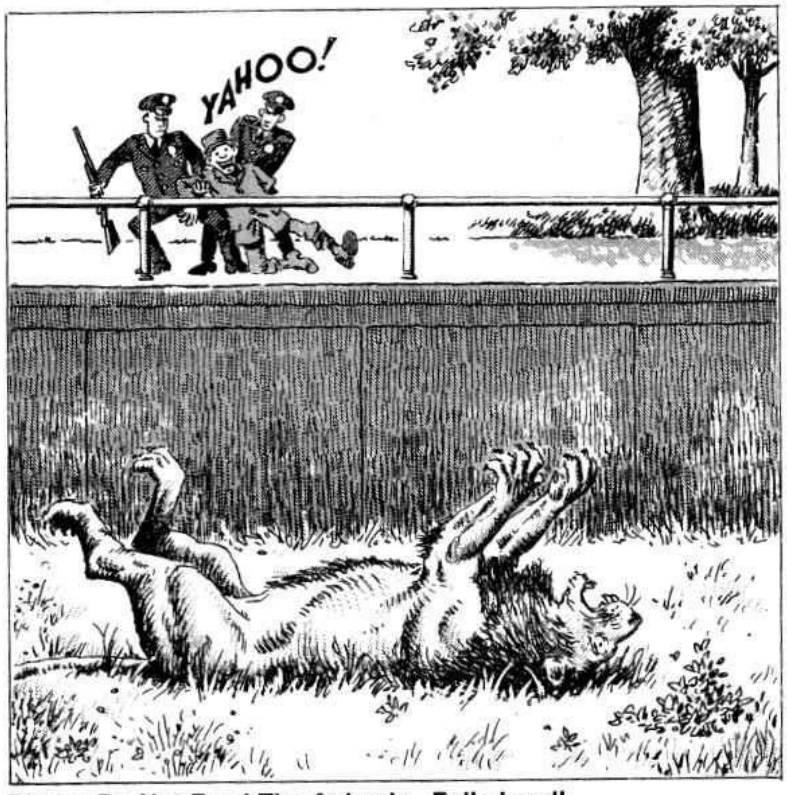
Jack Henry of Virginia sent us this picture after taking his baby boy Seth out for his first deer hunt. Here's Seth playing in a puddle of blood and guts from the deer he just shot. Awww, ain't he cute? Not only is that Seth's first kill but in the bottle is baby's first beer. Whoa, hey there, Jack! That's just a baby! Hope it's a light beer! Yee-haw! Jack also tells us he plans on taking the deer home and bronzing baby's first lethal wound.

Plants And Flowers Are Technically Alive

Cy LaGrange of Gainesville, Florida has a nephew who's in college. Cy informs us that his nephew says that plants and flowers are technically alive! "My nephew says plants breathe and need food and stuff," says Cy. "So that means they're sorta alive, see?" That's good news for hunters in areas where the animal population has gone extinct. Said an excited Cy, "I done shot all the animals in my area, so I got my rifle and went right out and bagged me a dandelion, a pansy and some kinda shrub. It was great to kill something that was alive again."

King Of The Jungle? I think not!

Stu Phidd sent us this picture of himself hunting and shooting a lion. Way to go Stu! You're a very brave man!



Please Do Not Feed The Animals...Fulla Lead!

Unfortunately for Stu, the security people at the zoo where Stu was hunting musta been some of them dang anti-hunting tree-huggers. Folks, write your Senator or Congressman and tell him you want hunting allowed in zoos. It makes us sick to know there are so many animals in zoos that go on living when people can have a good ol' time blasting them to bits. What a tragic waste!

THE GUN GUIDE

BY CLYDE SCUNGG

YOUR MONTHLY LOOK AT THE NEWEST IN SPORTSMAN'S WEAPONRY

Howdy all! This month I got to test a couple real good guns that oughta even up a hunter's chances a bit. When you come across a deer in the woods, you'll be glad you've got this honey with you. The Doe-Demolisher Magnum DT9000 shoots 42,000 rounds of armor-piercing bullets a second while giving off 100 12-gauge shotgun blasts at the same time! Mounted on top are twin flame throwers that kill 'em and cook 'em at the same time! Yee-haw!

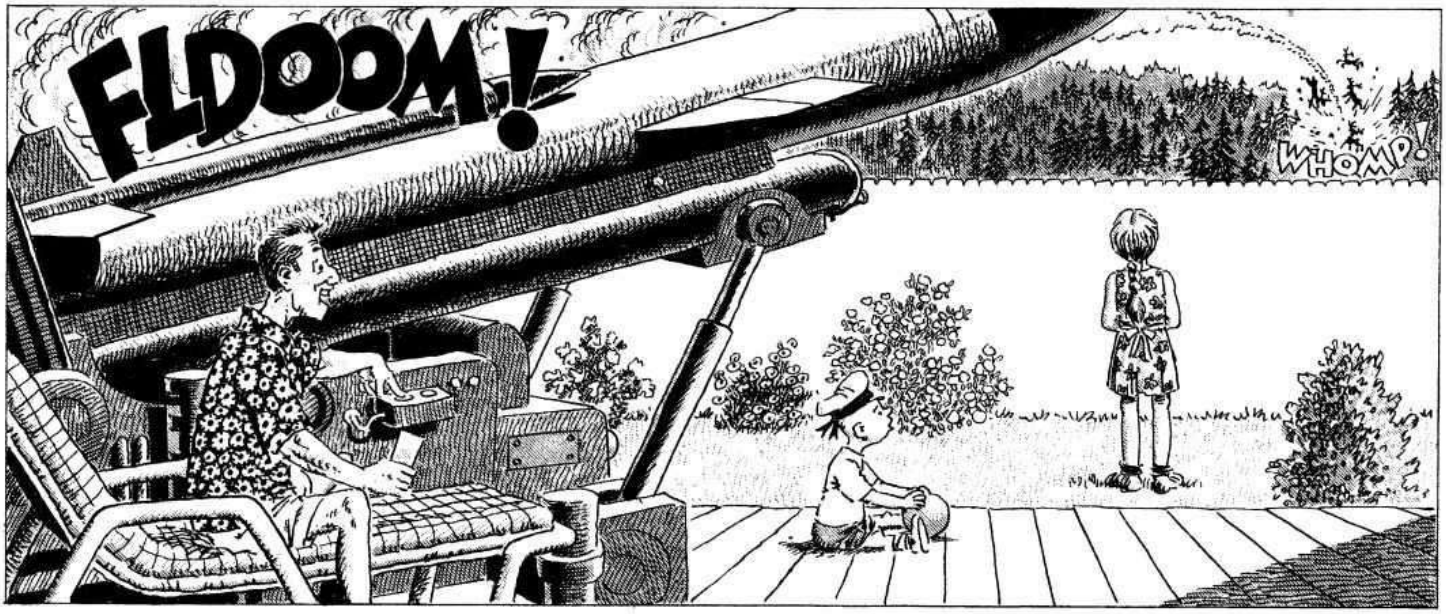
This baby's also got a TV mounted on it, so you can hunt and watch TV at the same time. And the butt of the gun holds up to 10 gallons of ice-cold beer.

Yup, that there's what's left of the deer I bagged with my Doe-Demolisher Magnum DT9000!

Next up is the weapon that takes deer hunting where it's always belonged: the space age. Now you can hunt any deer, anywhere, from the comfort of your own backyard! Introducing the newest in satellite-targeting deer hunting weaponry: The Fawn-Master Super-K800!

How the Fawn-Master Super-K800 works: In cooperation with the makers of the Fawn-Master Super-K800, all deer in the wild are tagged with microchips. These microchips send a signal to a multi-billion dollar satellite network orbiting the earth telling it the exact position of all the deer in the world at all times.

Then all you gotta do is sit back, relax and have the satellite-guided digital targeting system of the Fawn-Master Super-K800 locate and lock on to any deer within an 800 mile radius and Kaboom!



That's all for this month. Next time, a look at the newest chemical weapons and nerve gas now available to sportsmen.

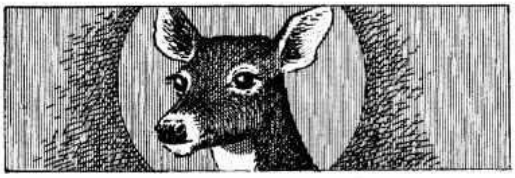
Pot Shots

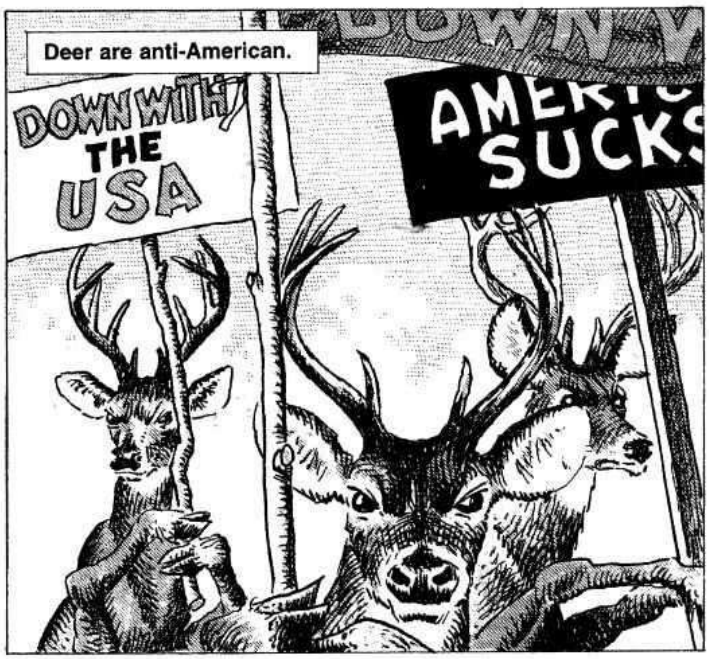
BY CLIFF GOTTNOGUTZ

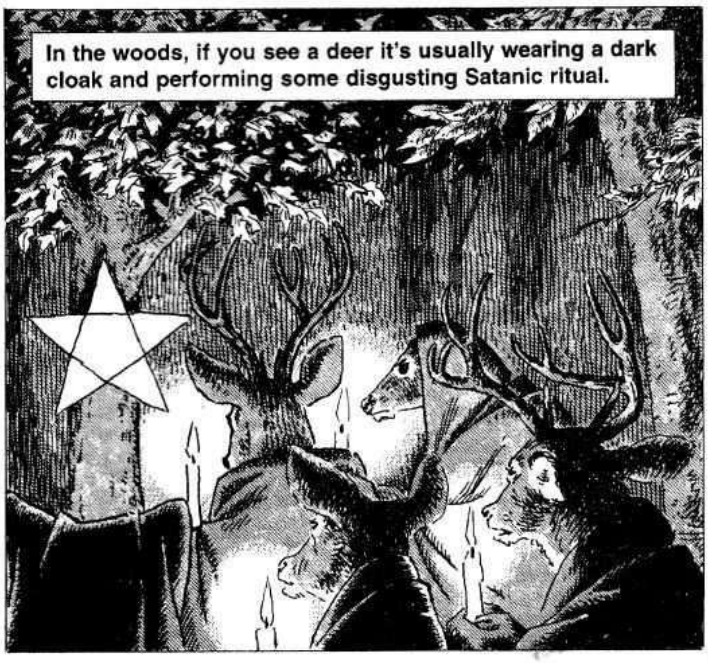
THIS MONTH'S SERMON: WHY WE HUNT DEER.

Boy, I tell you I am so dang sick and tired of these nosy, limp-wristed, bleeding-heart liberal tree-hugging animal rights dirtbags crying and carrying on about deer hunting, saying it's "cruel" and that they "feel sorry" for the poor little deers. But have they ever known the sheer terror of coming face to face with a baby deer in the woods? I'll wager they ain't! So listen up, you animal rights sons-of-$#^%$& out there! Take it from us hunters: You're all wrong! Here's why:

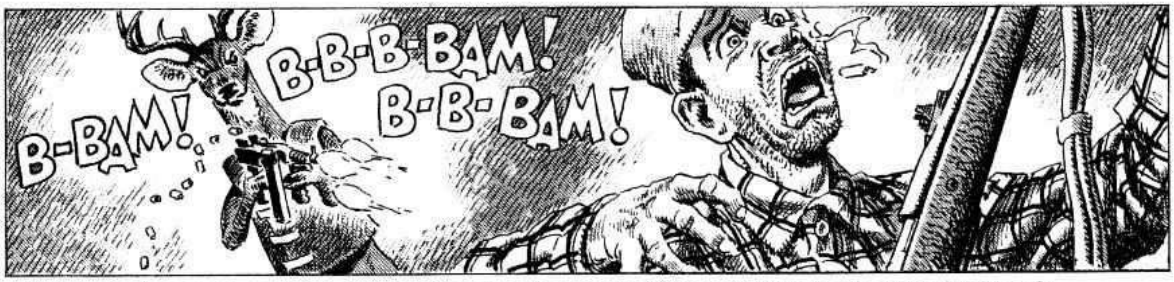
This is how most people see deer, the way they see them on TV or in movies. I tell you it's all an act! A dirty lie! If you animal rights people knew what deer were really like, you'd be glad they're hunted. And you'd see why we hunters need the high-powered automatic weapons you scum keep trying to take away from us.







Oh, and a deer in the woods is never without a top-of-the-line bulletproof vest and automatic weapon (usually bought from some Commie or Arab country). They will gladly sneak up on you and shoot you in the back like the cowards they are.



See what happened to this hunter because anti-gun groups told him he couldn't use automatic weapons to hunt? His rifle bullets bounced right off the deer's flak jacket. After that, the poor fella didn't even stand a chance.

See, folks, a deer ain't what you think it is. They're mean, violent, anti-American, anti-God murderers. So next time you hear it's hunting season for deer, don't cry for the deer. Thank the brave, selfless man that goes off into those woods to bring down these brutal creatures known as deer. And if the man's got an automatic weapon, he's got a small chance of coming back alive to his loving family and friends.

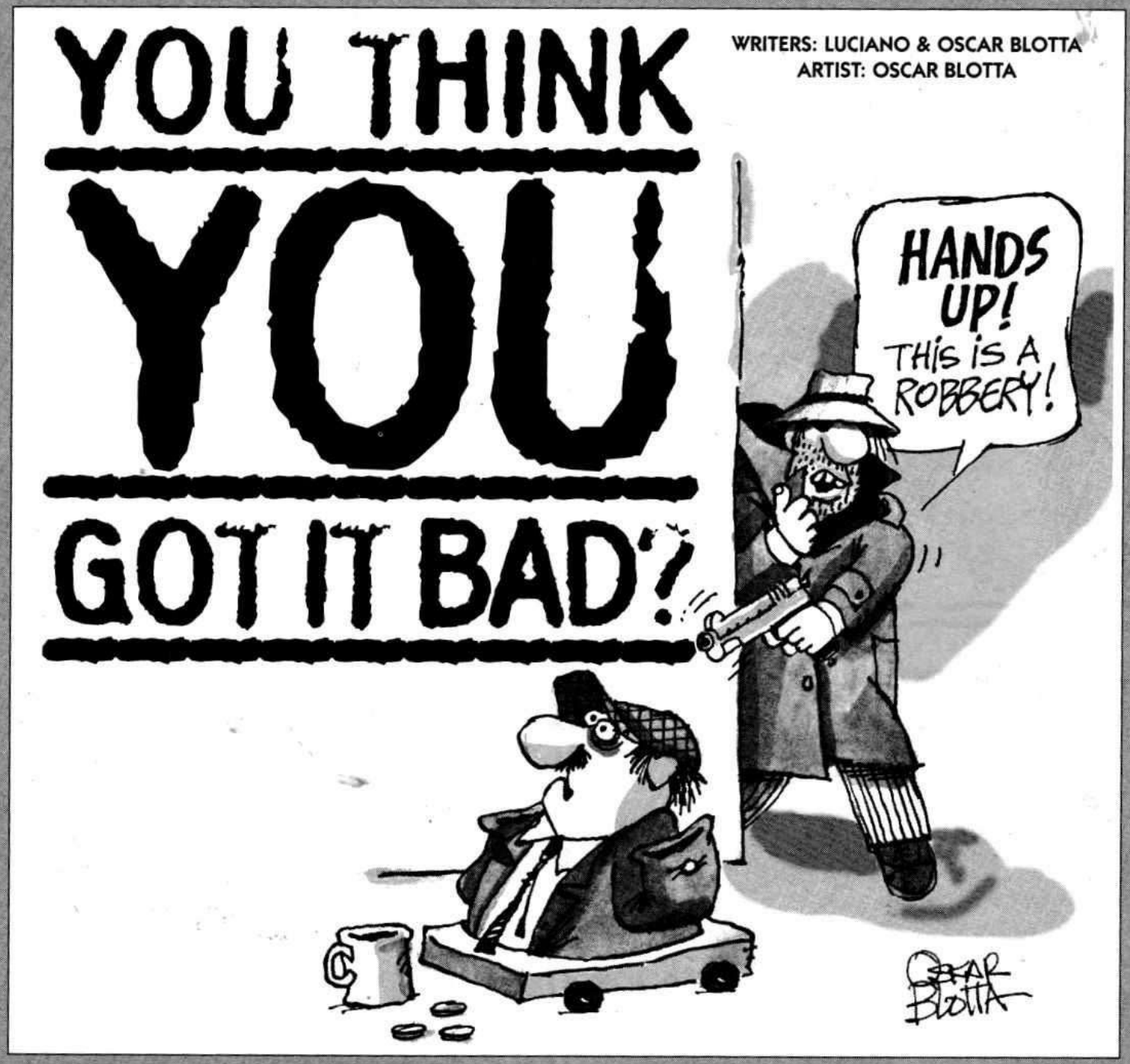
TH'END

NOFFER GYPSY'S TALE

WRITER: CARSON DEMMANS
ARTIST: DON OREHEK

YOU THINK YOU GOT IT BAD?

WRITERS: LUCIANO & OSCAR BLOTTA
ARTIST: OSCAR BLOTTA



OSCAR
BLOTTA

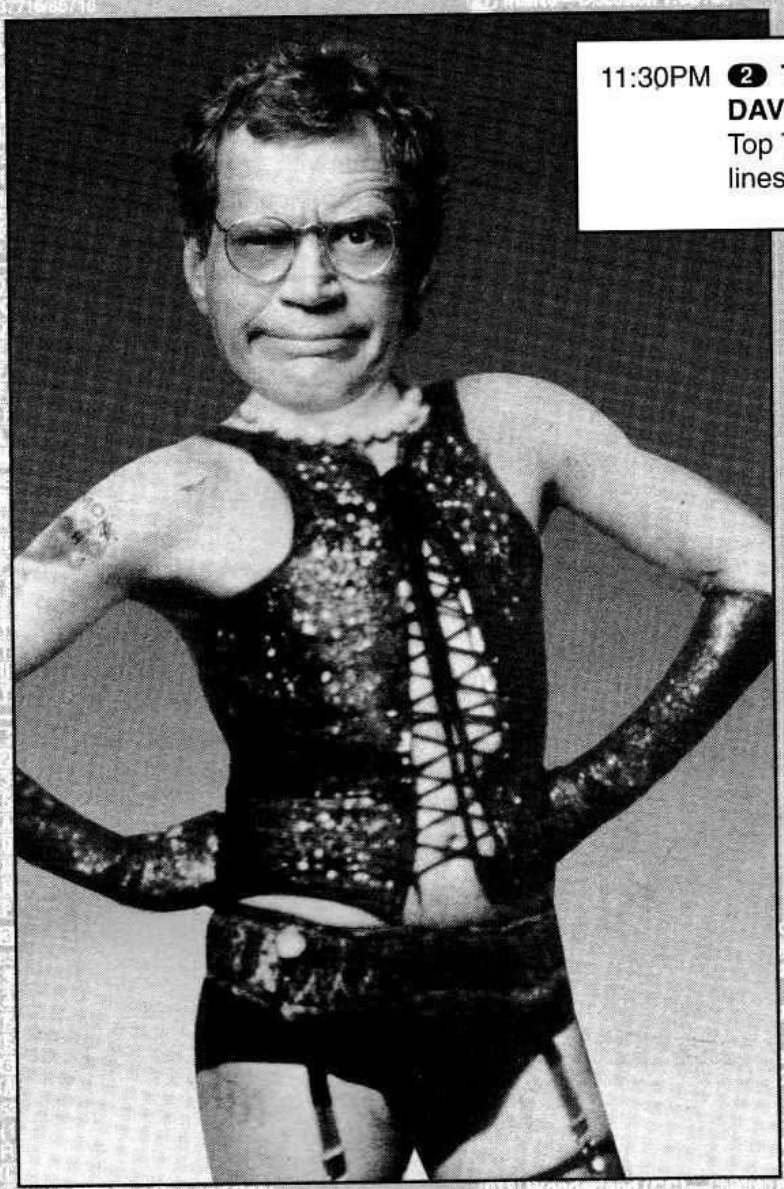
1
2

A lot of fuss was made when Ellen DeGeneres came out as a lesbian both personally and on her tv show. If her ratings go up as a result of this, you can bet your last $3 bill the TV networks will be clamoring to "out"-do each other to climb aboard the gay bandwagon, regardless of how insensitive or stupid the idea may be. So here's a look at what might happen...

WHEN GAY-THEMED TV SHOWS GET COMPLETELY OUT OF HAND

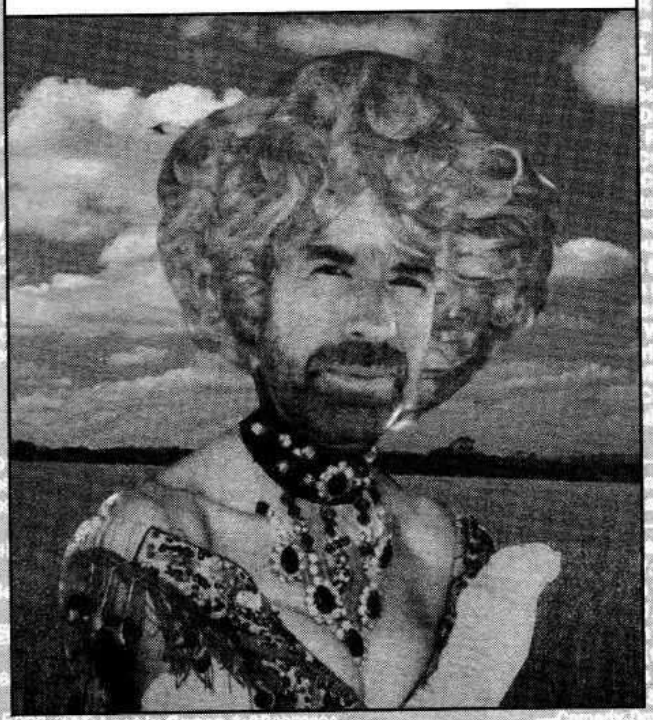
ARTIST & WRITER:
HAROLD BLUETOOTH

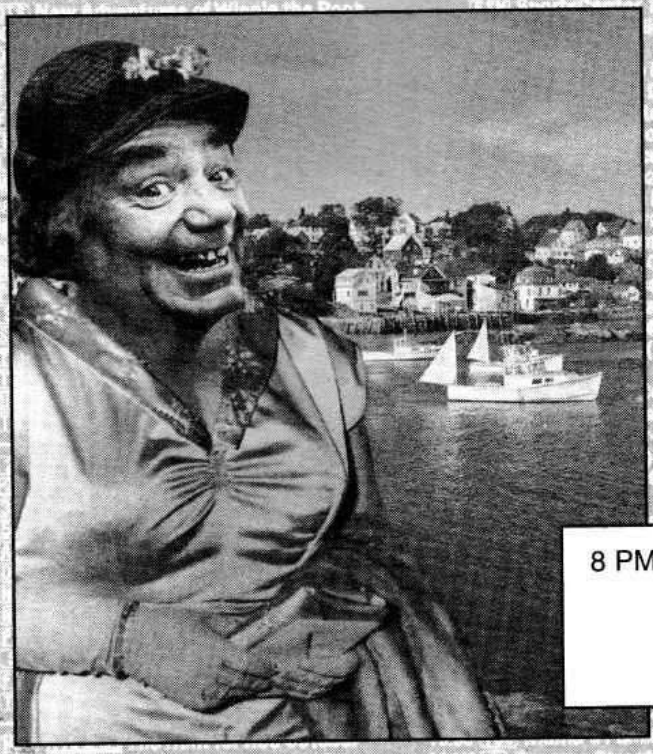
8PM **4 I DREAM OF GENE**
— Comedy
New Show: A flamboyant astronaut (Damon Wayans) uncorks a mysterious bottle and a hunky genie (Mark Wahlberg) grants his every wish.



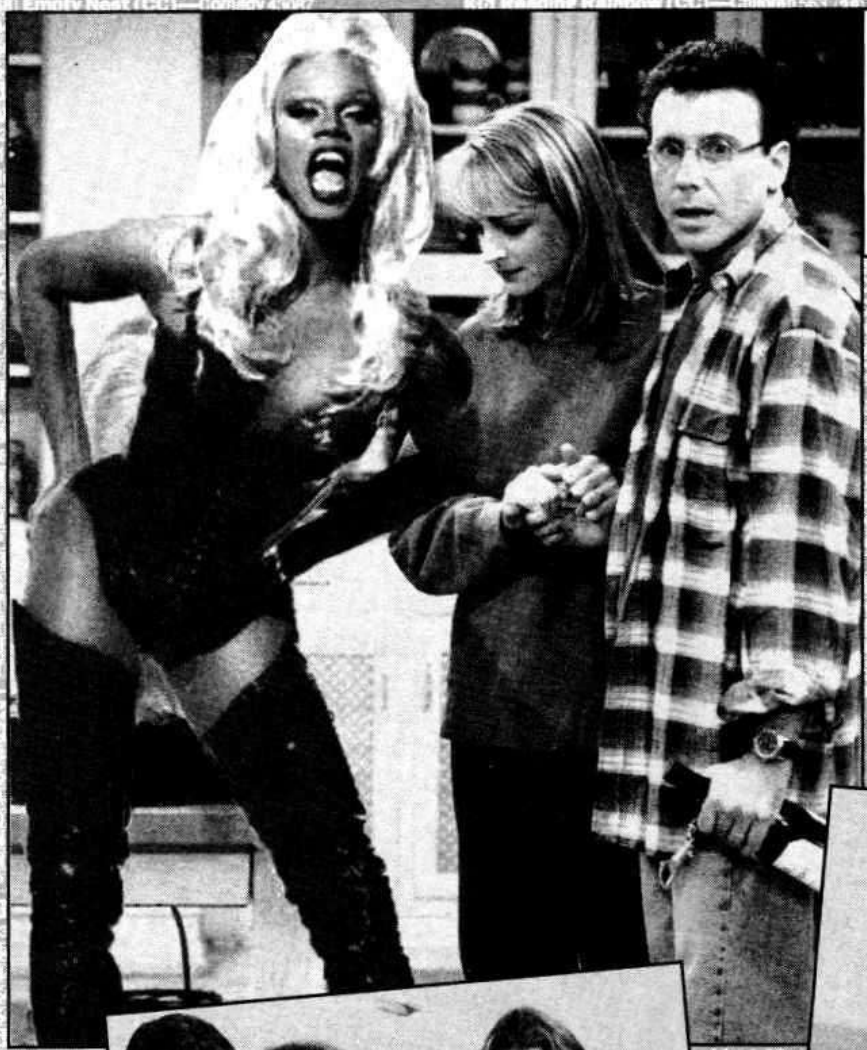
11:30PM ❷ **THE LATE SHOW WITH DAVID LEATHERMAN**
Top Ten prison shower pick-up lines; Stupid Lesbian Tricks

10 PM ❺ **WALKER, TEXAS FLAMER — Drama**
Walker (Chuck Norris) goes undercover to protect the local townsfolk from a band of marauding Carol Channing impersonators.

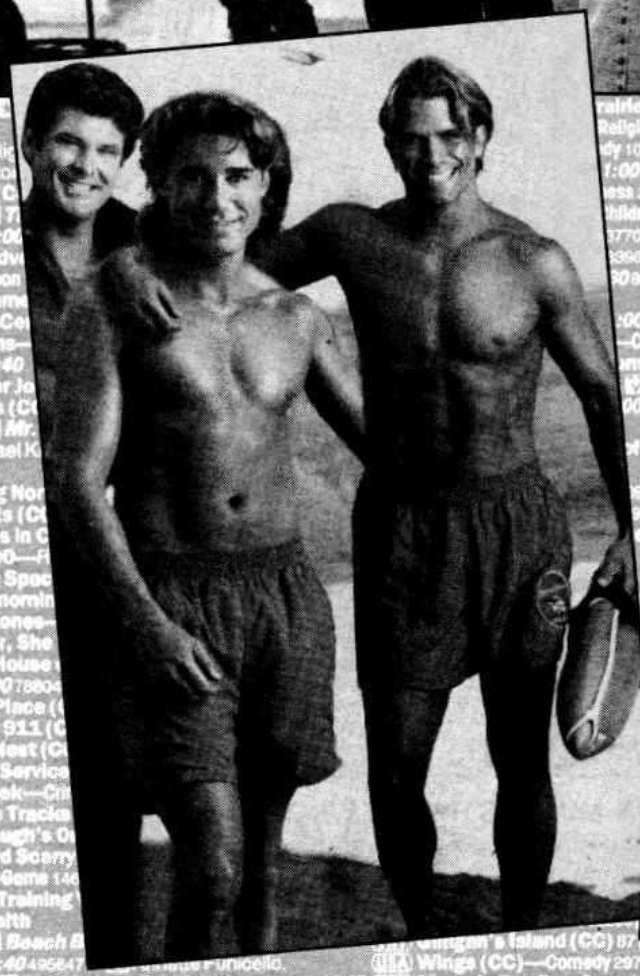




8 PM ❻ **MURDER HE-SHE WROTE— Mystery**
Gay cross-dressing mystery writer Jesse/Jessica (Ernest Borgnine) solves the case of who killed the Fire Island Judy Garland fan club president.

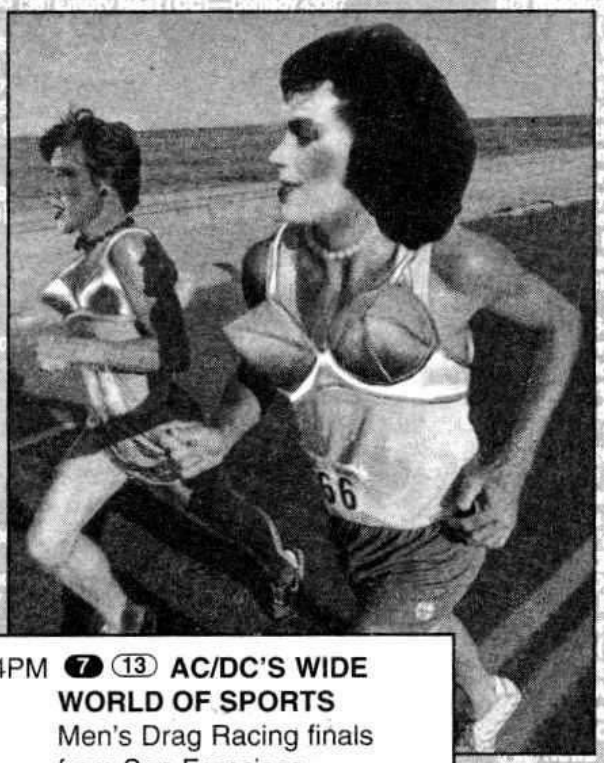


8 PM **6 MAD ABOUT RU — Comedy**
Paul and Jamie (Paul Reiser and Helen Hunt) split up after Paul has affair with their baby's new nanny, a beautiful 6'5" cross dresser (RuPaul).



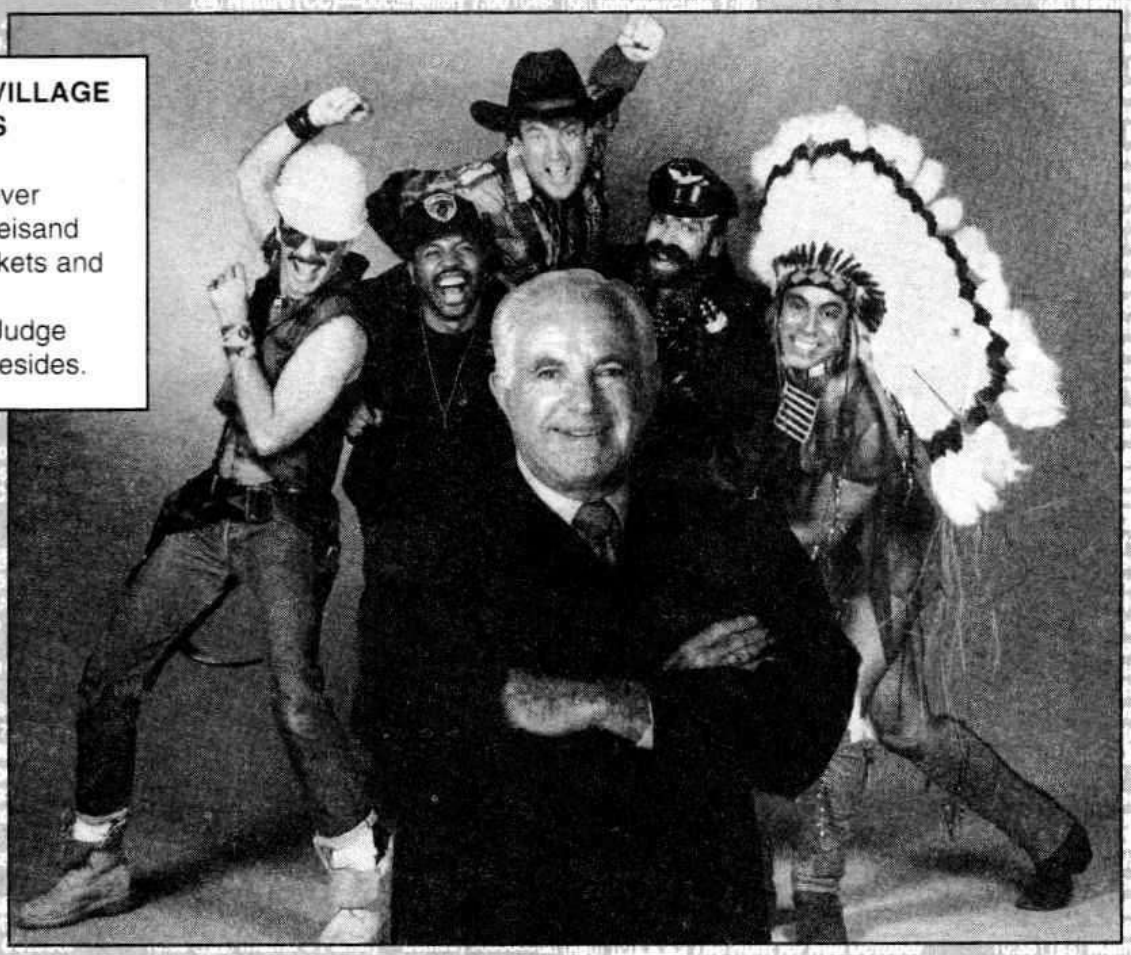
6 PM **9 32 GAYWATCH — Adventure**
In between saving lives on the beach Neely (Gena Lee Nolin) makes a play for Caroline (Yasmine Bleeth) and Logan (Jason Simmons) shows his true feelings toward Cody (David Chokachi).

3 PM ⑦ **THIS OLD CLOSET** — Instruction
Helpful home construction hints are offered to closeted gays, whose identities remain obscured for television until they're "outed" by host Bob Vila.



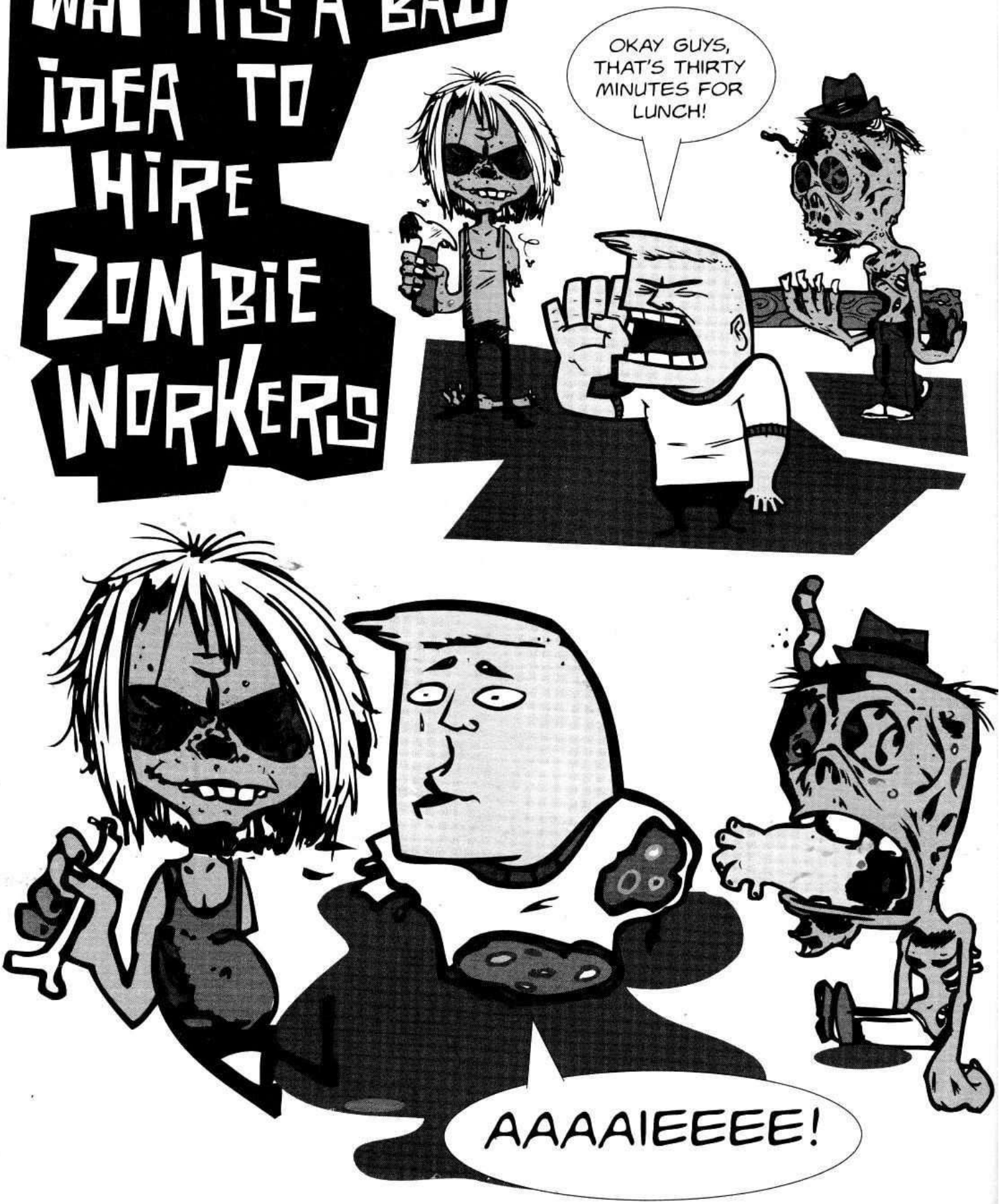
4PM ⑦ ⑬ **AC/DC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS**
Men's Drag Racing finals from San Francisco. Commentators: Martina Navratilova, Greg Louganis and Dennis Rodman.

5:30PM ⑥ **THE VILLAGE PEOPLE'S COURT**
Disputes over Barbra Streisand concert tickets and scratched antiques. Judge Wapner presides.



WHY IT'S A BAD IDEA TO HIRE ZOMBIE WORKERS

WRITER: KIT LIVELY • ARTIST: TODD JAMES

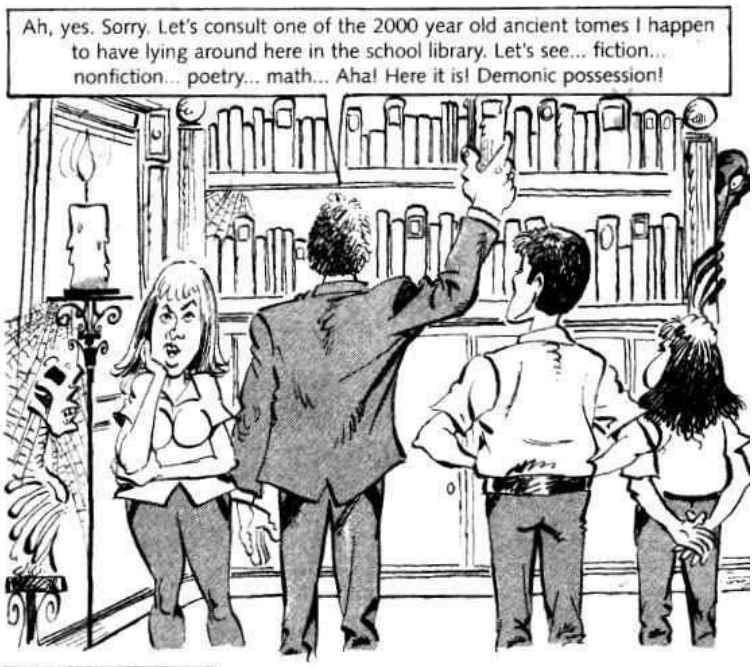


Supposedly, this show has something to do with monsters, demons and devils or something. But all we remember is the star's super-hot little body. That's why her show should be called...

Boffy

THE VAMPY SLAYER

WRITER: GREG GRABIANSKI • ARTIST: WALTER BROGAN



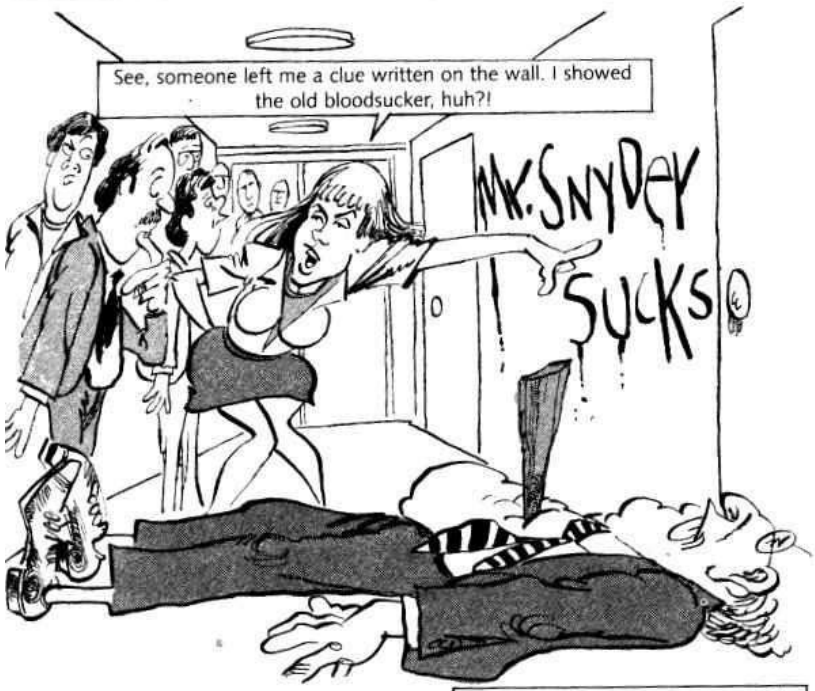
8 seconds later...

Oof! Be careful with that baton. I'm The **Watcher**. Not The **Catcher**. And you are The **Chosen One**.
Sorry. You're right. That means a lot, I think.
Actually, it's a bunch of crap I made up so that you risk your life for free while I relax and watch you do splits.
BAM!
WAP!

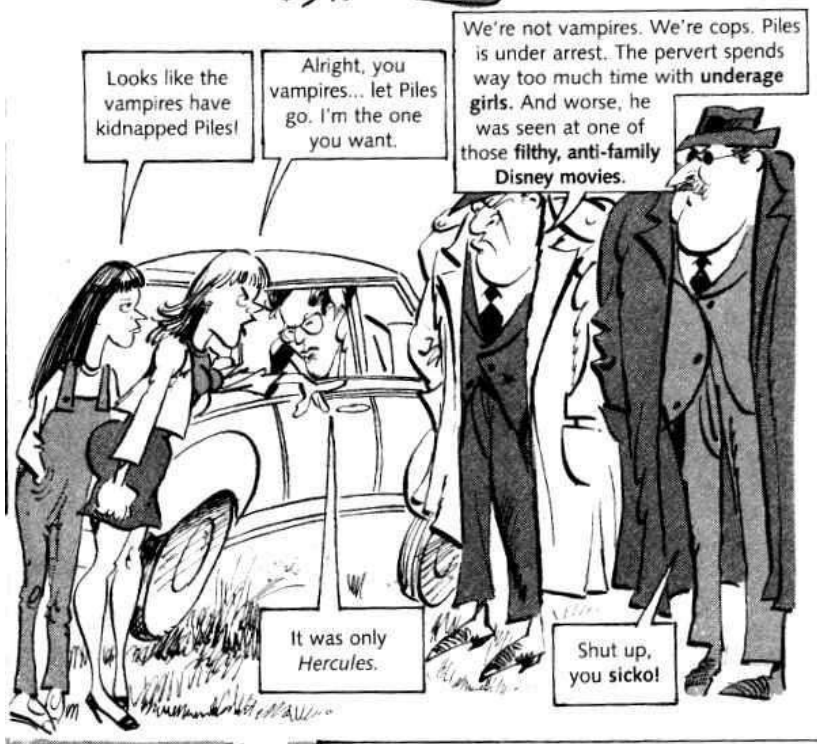
We'll take the blood of hundreds of kids. Their blood will be ours! All ours!
Uh-oh! Sounds like vampires! I'll jump 'em and kill 'em before they know it!

Die, Vampire!
What are you doing? We're just nurses working at the blood drive!
Sorry! Has anyone got a **sponge?** No sense wasting all this blood. This is a blood drive, after all.
BLOOD
SCHOOL BLOOD DRIVE TODAY PLEASE GIVE BLOOD FOR PEOPLE IN NEED.

Hi-yah! Take **that,** you creepy, old vampire!
Boffy, what are you doing? That's Mr. Snyder, our **principal!**
He's a vampire!
How do you know?
BAM!!!


See, someone left me a clue written on the wall. I showed the old bloodsucker, huh?!
MR. SNYDER SUCKS

Eat death! Hyah! Yahh!
Boffy! What are you doing?! He's an umpire, not a vampire.
I know, but he's making bad calls against our team.


Looks like the vampires have kidnapped Piles!
Alright, you vampires... let Piles go. I'm the one you want.
We're not vampires. We're cops. Piles is under arrest. The pervert spends way too much time with **underage girls.** And worse, he was seen at one of those **filthy, anti-family Disney movies.**
It was only *Hercules.*
Shut up, you **sicko!**

Piles is gone forever! And here come **real vampires!**
Are they from the Vram Trebla Clan we're looking for?
No, looks to me like they're the same vampires I **always** fight. They're from the **Low Budget Clan.** You can tell by their shabby, miserable makeup jobs.

Ho-hum! Just another boring fight. Might as well study for my history test.
BAM!
POW!
OCH!
SLAM!

These vampire fights are getting so easy, I can even fight while out at the movies with my date.

Popcorn?

BAM

POW!

Later that Night.

Oh, no! While I was out on my date, all the kids in school were bitten by a vampire. But it's weird. They... they were all bitten on the back.

You fell for my trap!

You! You're **Marv Albert!** The sportscaster! You're the leader of the Vram Trebla clan! Now I get it! Backwards, that's Marv Albert!

Yessss! While you were fighting my **decoy** vampires, I got all the kids in your school! Bit them all on the **back!** And now for dessert—**you, Boffy!**

Can I ask you a question first? How come you wear such a ridiculous-looking rug?

How can I tell? Vampires can't see their reflections in the mirror!

Enough of this small talk! Rise, my children!

Gasp! They've all turned into Marv Albert vampires! They even have bad toupees!

Yessss! Yessss! Yessss! Yesss!

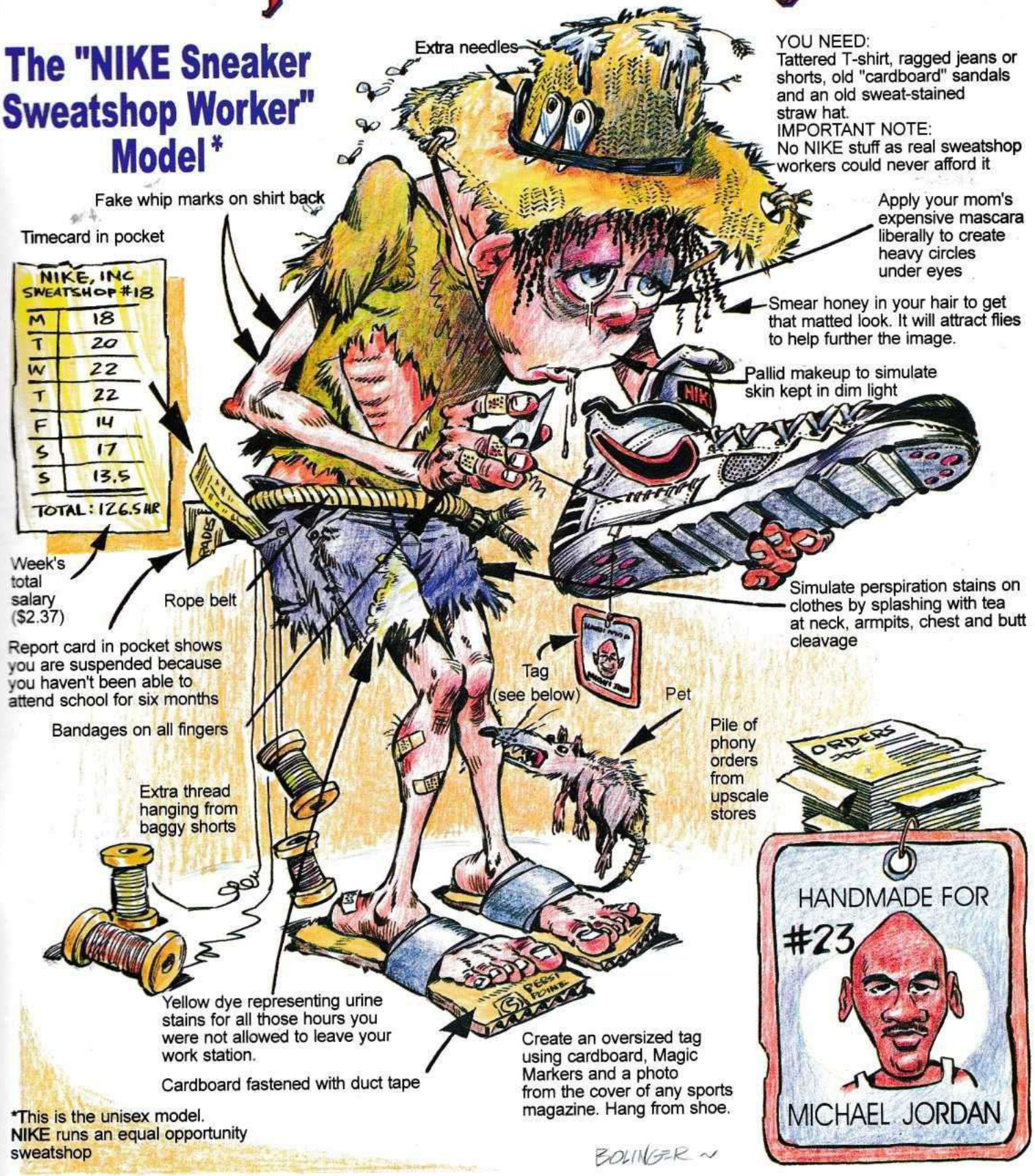
THE CRACKED LIST

TOP 11 TV PILOTS THAT DIDN'T MAKE THE NEW FALL SCHEDULE

WRITER & ARTIST: MIKE RICIGLIANO

Make yourself a CRACKED halloween costume

The "NIKE Sneaker Sweatshop Worker" Model*



*This is the unisex model.
NIKE runs an equal opportunity sweatshop

CRACKED CLIP

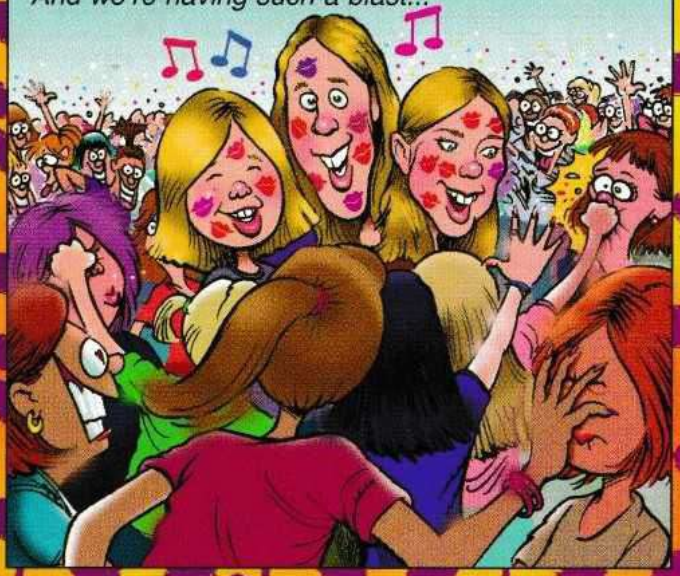
Listen up as these three pre-pubescent brothers show you how to attract women simply by writing a #1 hit song and make millions of dollars before you're old enough to shave!

WRITER: BARRY ZEGER
ARTIST: FRANK CUMMINGS

(sung to MMMBop)

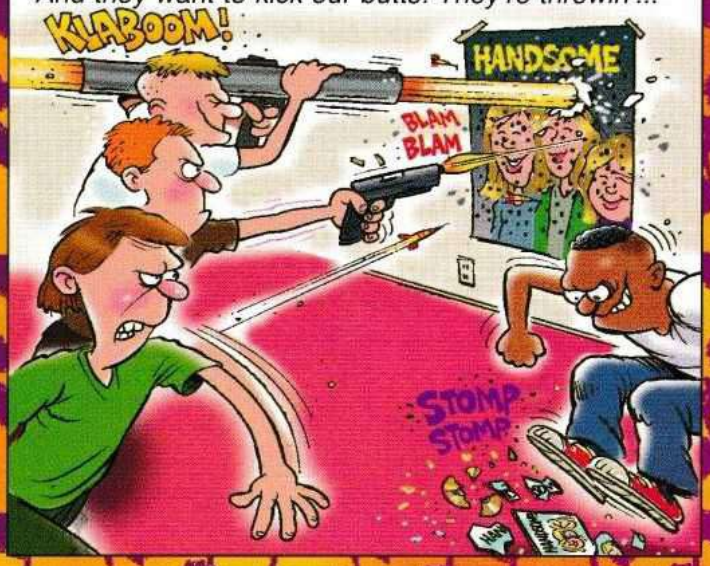
Handsome
MMMplop
Morecurry Records

We get so much attention from female fans
And we're having such a blast...



Their boyfriends just don't understand
They turn their backs and we're gone sooo fast—ooh yeah
We're gone sooo fast, yeah!...

So all the guys, they kinda hate our guts
In the end, they wish they had our good luck
When we're in town they all go kinda nuts
And they want to ki-ck our butts!
And they want to kick our butts! They're throwin'...



Mmm plop, smelly doo plop
Chasing us with doo plop, wish they would stop—
Ugh! Yecch!
Mmm plop, chunks of doo plop
Sick of all this doo plop, stinky doo—
Ugh! Yecch!